WORK AND ART

SARA LORD BAILEY

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BY

SARA LORD BAILEY.

"Gáther instruction from thy youth up,
So shalt thou find wisdom till thine old age."

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"Knowledge to the soul
Is life, and liberty, and peace,
And while eternal ages roll,
The joys of knowledge shall increase."

"The torch of genius is lighted at the altar of enthusiasm."

PREFACE.

These fifteen elocutionary exercises are presented in the order which has commended itself through several year's experience in public reading and instruction.

The exercises are named WORK, as *work* is the price to be paid to attain excellence in the art, even by those with natural qualifications.

The ART finds expression in the selections, which form the closing part of the book.

SARA LORD BAILEY.

Lawrence, Mass.
Nov. 10th, 1898.

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LAWRENCE, MASS., NOVEMBER 8, 1898.

Mrs. Sara Lord Bailey has been for several years a public reader, and as such has been favorably known over a large part of the United States and Canada. She has also had considerable experience as an instructor.

She has now more fully embodied the principles of her art in a series of exercises, which seem to me to make an admirable text-book, either for classes or for self instruction.

WILLIAM E. WOLCOTT,
Pastor of Lawrence Street Congregational Church.

HAMPTON, N. H.

I have examined these fifteen elocutionary exercises, and am much pleased with them. The order is natural and progressive. The easy exercise leads to the one a little more difficult, and this to one still more difficult. It is as helpful a course of instruction in elocution as I have seen. And I heartily add my commendation of the author as one thoroughly equipped for, as well as naturally adapted to instruction in her chosen department; and as a wise, diligent, enthusiastic and successful teacher of elocution.

J. A. ROSS,
Pastor of Congregational Church.

BOSTON SCHOOL OF ORATORY, 7-A Beacon St.
Boston, July 5th, 1888.

Sara Lord Bailey's entertainments are fine art representations of the humor, pathos and passion of our best English and American authors. She has the true art temperament in voice, action and power to hold her audiences. She has few superiors now before the public. Our graduating classes have averaged sixteen in number; some of whom have made very creditable reputations as public readers, but NO ONE has met with so great popular success as has Mrs. Bailey. I am certain that she will fill with entire success any appointments made for her.

MOSES TRUE BROWN,
Principal of Boston School of Oratory.

Missouri School for the Blind,
St. Louis, Mo., June 19, 1889.

To whom it may concern:

I take much pleasure in testifying to the excellent work done by Mrs. Sara Lord Bailey as teacher of elocution in this school. The progress of her pupils, even those with seemingly little talent, was rapid; and in all cases the work was thorough. To those who desire the services of a faithful and competent teacher, or a reader of remarkable power and ability, I cheerfully recommend her.

Respectfully,
Jno. T. Sibley, A. M., M. D., Supt.

St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Sara Lord Bailey, verily, easily affords an expense of vital, vigorous, happy, healthful power in her dramatic recitals which wins an audience every time! Charming in person, of unimpeachable character, highly educated in every department of her chosen profession, and combining noticeably strong dramatic instinct with exquisite finish of art. Well, she needs only to be seen and heard as a public reader to be enthusiastically endorsed.

Very respectfully,
Ed. L. McDowell,
Professor Elocution, St. Louis University.

I. EXERCISE.

POSITIONS.

1. Composed
2. Advancing
3. Retreating
4. Wavering

BOWS.

1. Polite
2. Martha Washington

POSITION ON THE PLATFORM.

"Graceful position precedes graceful action."—*Austin.*

The speaker should stand easily erect in a graceful, dignified attitude, with the breast fronting the audience, head natural, hands hanging by the side. There is something in this first Composed Position which may prejudice the audience either in his favor or against him, — then as the speaker warms and glows with enthusiasm, he steps forward with the right-foot, throwing the weight upon it, this Advancing Position places him in sympathy with his listeners. The body retreats to the Backward Position when the sentiment expresses — dread, fright, horror or anything akin to these.

When he is uneasy, constantly changing the weight from one foot to the other, he shows bashfulness, indecision, or anxiety, etc. This is called the Wavering Position—and should not be indulged in unless the sentiment requires it.

BOWS.

1. Polite Bow:—

A graceful inclination of the head, bending the body slightly.

2. Martha Washington:—

Draw right-foot back, holding the dress on either side, make small courtesy, merely bending the knees.

BREATHING.

1. Effusive or *Flowing.*
2. Expulsive or *Rushing.*
3. Explosive or *Bursting.*

1. EFFUSIVE.

(Inhale slowly and naturally, give out the breath in the sound of the letter "*V.*")

2. EXPULSIVE.

(Inhale slowly, exhale on the word "*Ha.*")

3. EXPLOSIVE.

(Take a full inspiration, extend both arms forward, expel breath quickly and with force, on the vowel sound "*I.*" At the same time stepping backward with right-foot, arms falling apart.)

DRILL OF THE SEVEN LONG SOUNDS.

(Practice daily for excellence in reading.)

eel, *ale*, *air*, *farm*, *fall*, *fold*, *ooze*.

DRILL TO ATTAIN FLEXIBILITY OF FINGERS, WRISTS, HANDS AND BODY.

FINGERS AND HANDS.	BODY.
1. SHAKING FINGERS	1. ROTATE LEFT—HEAD RIGHT
2. SHAKING HANDS	2. ROTATE RIGHT—HEAD LEFT
3. UP AND DOWN	3. SWING FORWARD—HEAD BACKWARD
4. SIDE TO SIDE	4. SWING BACKWARD—HEAD FORWARD
5. INWARD AND OUTWARD	5. BEND AND RISE IN RAPID SUCCESSION
6. ROTATE RIGHT AND LEFT	

VOICE AND GESTURE DRILL.

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.— *William Allingham.*

II. EXERCISE.

BREATHING.	ARM MOVEMENTS.
1. Chest—Active and Passive	1. Descending, Front
2. Abrupt	2. Horizontal, Oblique
3. Delsarte	3. Ascending, Lateral

1. Active and Passive Chest :—

(1. Inhale and hold chest strongly braced while repeating, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*.) (2. Inhale and relax chest, breathing out the word "*Ha*.")

2. Abrupt :—

(Take a full inspiration, clench hands and draw up to arm-pits. Expel breath suddenly with forcible downward motion of the arms.)

3. Delsarte :—

(Advance with the right foot, rise on toes. Inhale slowly at same time the arms are curved on chest, sustain — Relax the muscles. Exhale slowly on the word "*Ha*," returning to position.)

ARM MOVEMENTS.

Arm Movements are innumerable and relate to the *Vertical* and *Horizontal plane*, or up and down and across the body.

In the Vertical or up and down plane we mark three spheres, 1st. The Ascending or elevated, emotional sphere. 2nd. The Descending or the domain of the will, the vital power. 3rd. Horizontal or mental sphere.

In the Horizontal Plane we find three movements in Front, three in Oblique, and three in Lateral. Our Front movements are stronger, more direct and personal. The Oblique, general ideas, and used more. Lateral showing remoteness in time or space.

The Supine, Prone and Vertical hand carried through these points will suffice for ordinary expression.

The special movements are to be studied *only* when these are thoroughly mastered.

DRILL OF THE SEVEN SHORT SOUNDS.

ĭt, *ĕt*, *hĕr*, *hăt*, *dŏn*, *tŭb*, *bo͝ok*.

VOCAL CULTURE DRILL.

Practice, Patience, Perseverance.

Are you, are you.	up, up, up, up.
Can you hear?	Aye! aye! sir.
Me–ow, me–ow.	Kind, king, kneel.
o o o o–o o o o.	le, la, law–lo.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!	Charcoal (3 times).
Bells, bells, bells, bells, bells.	Blow bugle blow.

A. arm–ate–ask–add.
B. bib–boy–blaze–blue.
C. cease–claw–clam–click.
D. did–drill–dread–dross.
E. eve–end–even–endless.
F. fling–flare–flat–flew.
G. gleam–gloss–glad–glare.
H. hark–high–hail–holy.
I. ice–imps–inch–ink.
J. jill–jam–jump–joy.
K. kind–keep–kill–king.
L. linger–light–live–lost.
M. mother–mine–most–met.
N. never–none–noble–notion.
O. ooze–on–oak–odd.
P. poverty–pride–palace–perish.
Q. queer–quaint–quack–quick.
R. run–roam–red–reel.
S. star–sinp–ships–send.
T. three–times–think–taste.
U. urn–under–umbrella.
V. verily–vain–void–value.
W. wild–word–wind–wan.
X. xebec–xenotime–xanthic.
Y. yawn–yell–young–yellow.
Z. zeal–zone–zero–zigzag.

ARTICULATED WHISPER.

1. EFFUSIVE.

Heard ye the whisper of the breeze,
As soft it murmured by
Amid the shadowy forest trees?
It tells, with meaning sigh,
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shore,
Where the weary spirit shall sin no more.

2. EXPULSIVE.

[From "Military Command." — *Anon.*]

Soldiers! You are now within a few steps of the enemy's outpost! Our scouts report them as slumbering in parties around their watch-fires, and utterly unprepared for our approach. A swift and noiseless advance around that projecting rock and we are upon them. We capture them without the possibility of resistance. One disorderly noise or motion may leave us at the mercy of their advanced guard. Let every man keep the strictest silence under pain of instant death.

3. EXPLOSIVE.

"Up! up Glentarkin, rouse thee, hoi!"

(Horror, alarm)

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!—*Shakespeare.*

III. EXERCISE.

DRILL OF THE FOUR DOUBLE SOUNDS.

isle — voice — ow — u

ALPHABET OF ARTICULATION.

No excellence in reading without distinct articulation.

A. Andrew Airpump asked his aunt her ailment.
Did Andrew Airpump ask his aunt her ailment?
If Andrew Airpump asked his aunt her ailment
What was the ailment Andrew Airpump's aunt had?

B. Billy Buttonbox buttered a butter biscuit.
Did Billy Buttonbox butter a butter biscuit?
If Billy Buttonbox buttered a butter biscuit
Where is the butter biscuit Billy Buttonbox buttered?

C. Captain Crackskull cracked a catchpoles coxcomb.
Did Captain Crackskull crack a catchpoles coxcomb?
If Captain Crackskull cracked a catchpoles coxcomb
Where is the catchpoles coxcomb Captian Crackskull cracked?

D. David Doldrum dreamt he drove a dreadful dragon.
Did David Doldrum dream he drove a dreadful dragon?
If David Doldrum dreamt he drove a dreadful dragon
Where is the dreadful dragon David Doldrum dreamt he drove?

E. Enoc Elcridge eating an empty eggshell.
Did Enoc Elcridge eat an empty eggshell?
If Enoc Elcridge ate an empty eggshell
Where is the empty eggshell Enoc Elcridge ate?

F. Frances Frizzleton figured on a frenchman's fiddle.
Did Frances Frizzleton figure on a frenchman's fiddle?
If Frances Frizzleton figured on a frenchman's fiddle
Where is the frenchman's fiddle Frances Frizzleton figured on?

G. Gaffer Gillpin got a goose and gander.
Did Gaffer Gillpin get a goose and gander?
If Gaffer Gillpin got a goose and gander
Where is the goose and gander Gaffer Gillpin got?

H. Humphry Hunchman had a hundred hedgehogs.
Did Humphry Hunchman have a hundred hedgehogs?
If Humphry Hunchman had a hundred hedgehogs
Where are the hundred hedgehogs Humphry Hunchman had?

I. Inigo Impy iched for an indian image.
Did Inigo Impy ich for an indian image?
If Inigo Impy iched for an indian image
Where is the indian image Inigo Impy iched for?

J. Jumping Jockey jeered a jesting juggler.
Did Jumping Jockey jeer a jesting juggler?
If Jumping Jockey jeered a jesting juggler
Where is the jesting juggler Jumping Jockey jeered at?

K. Kimbo Kickset kicked his kinsman's kettle.
Did Kimbo Kickset kick his kinsman's kettle?
If Kimbo Kickset kicked his kinsman's kettle
Where is the kinsman's kettle Kimbo Kickset kicked?

L. Lanky Lawrence lost his lass and lobster.
Did Lanky Lawrence lose his lass and lobster?
If Lanky Lawrence lost his lass and lobster
Where is the lass and lobster Lanky Lawrence lost?

M. Minnie Moses mused and moaned momentarily.
Did Minnie Moses muse and moan momentarily?
If Minnie Moses mused and moaned momentarily
Where is Minnie Moses who momentarily mused and moaned?

N. Nitty Noodle knit his neighbors nutmegs.
Did Nitty Noodle knit his neighbors nutmegs?
If Nitty Noodle knit his neighbors nutmegs
Where are his neighbor's nutmegs Nitty Noodle knit?

O. Oliver Oglethorpe ogled an ogling owl.
Did Oliver Oglethorpe ogle an ogling owl?
If Oliver Oglethorpe ogled an ogling owl
Where is the ogling owl Oliver Oglethorpe ogled?

P. Peter Pepperstone picked and pickled a peck of Piper's peaches.
Did Peter Pepperstone pick and pickle a peck of Piper's peaches?
If Peter Pepperstone picked and pickled a peck of Piper's peaches
Where is the peck of Piper's peaches Peter Pepperstone picked and pickled?

Q. Queeny Quarrelsom quarrelled with an old queer quack.
Did Queeny Quarrelsom quarrel with an old queer quack?
If Queeny Quarrelsom quarrelled with an old queer quack
Where is the old queer quack Queeny Quarrelsom quarrelled with?

R. Rory Rumpus rode a raw-boned racer.
Did Rory Rumpus ride a raw-boned racer?
If Rory Rumpus rode a raw-boned racer
Where is the raw-boned racer Rory Rumpus rode?

S. Sara Selly sells sea shells and she says she shall sell sea shells.
Did *Sara Selly* sell sea shells and say she should sell sea shells?
If *Sara Selly* sold sea shells and said she should sell sea shells
Where are the sea shells *Sara Selly* said she should sell?

T. Tip Toe Tommy turned a top for tenpence.
Did Tip Toe Tommy turn a top for tenpence?
If Tip Toe Tommy turned a top for tenpence
Where is the top for tenpence Tip Toe Tommy turned?

U. Ugly Usinus used Urania's umbrella,
Did Ugly Usinus use Urania's umbrella?
If Ugly Usinus used Urania's umbrella
Where is Urania's umbrella Ugly Usinus used?

V. Valentine Vox vowed he vanquished a viper.
Did Valentine Vox vow he vanquished a viper?
If Valentine Vox vowed he vanquished a viper
Where is the viper Valentine Vox vowed he vanquished?

W. Willie Wimpleton wept at a wonderful wedding.
Did Willie Wimpleton weep at a wonderful wedding?
If Willie Wimpleton wept at a wonderful wedding
Where was the wonderful wedding Willie Wimpleton wept at?

X. Xantippe Xanthepinstick found Xenotime.
Did Xantippe Xanthepinstick find Xenotime?
If Xantippe Xanthepenstick found Xenotime
Where is the Xenotime Xantippe Xanthepinstick found?

Y. Yankee Yawning yesterday yearned for yeast.
Did Xankee Yawning yesterday yearn for yeast?
If Yankee Yawning yesterday yearned for yeast
Where is the yeast Yankee Yawning yesterday yearned for?

Z. Zealous Zachariah zealously sought Zeno.
Did Zealous Zachariah zealously seek Zeno?
If Zealous Zachariah zealously sought Zeno
Where was Zeno Zealous Zachariah zealously sought?

A LITTLE BOY'S POEM AS RECITED BY HIMSELF.

An humble boy with a shining pail,
Went gladly singing adown the dale,
To where the cow with the brindle tail
On clover her palate did regale.
An humble bee did gayly sail
Far over the soft and shadowy vale,
To where the boy with the shining pail
Was milking the cow with the brindle tail,
The bee lit down on the cow's left ear,
Her heels flew up through the atmosphere—
And through the leaves of a chestnut tree,
The boy soared into futurity.

VEHEMENCE

This attitude expresses force in explosion.

IV. EXERCISE.

DRILL OF THE HALF VOCALS.

b–d–g–j–v–th–z–zh

FIRST SET OF OPPOSITIONS.

Head–Hand–Arm.

1. Hands crossed on chest—Head bowed.
2. Hands out in salutation—Head erect.
3. Hands extended prone—Head back.
4. Hands to right ascending—Head left.
5. Hands folded at left shoulder—Head right.
6. Hands right in rejection—Head left.
7. Hands out in salutation—Head raised.
8. Hands clasped at chest—Head bowed.
9. Hands appealing to Heaven—Head back.
10. Hands falling apart—Bowing low.

VOICE AND GESTURE DRILL.

(Musical tones–tenderness.)

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are pass'd away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

—*Thomas Moore.*

DIFFICULT SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE.

The following exercises are designed for the cultivation of a distinct articulation :—

1. Thucydides, Herodotus, and Xenophon are the great historians of antiquity.

2. That *lasts* till night, on that *last still* night.

3. This *act* more than all other *acts*, of the Legislature, laid the axe at the root of the evil.

4. He accepts the office, and attempts by his *acts* to conceal his faults.

5. Don't you remember that the magistrates arrested the rogues?

6. The *heights*, *depths*, and *breadths* of the subject.

7. "*Quips*, and *Cranks*, and wanton *wiles*,
Nods, and *Becks* and wreathed *smiles*."

8. "There on *beds* of violets *blue*,
And fresh *blown* roses washed in *dew*."

9. Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.

10. "Because thou *hast* not *asked* riches, wealth, or honor, neither yet *hast asked* long life, but *hast asked* wisdom *and* knowledge for thyself; wisdom *and* knowledge is granted unto thee."

11. "This was the *most unkindest* cut of all."

12. "Thou that dost scare the world with tempests set on fire,
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods,
Where is the mortal that forgets not at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by."

13. "Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

14. Theophilus Thistlethwaite, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; now, if Theophilus Thistlethwaite, the success-

ful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.

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15. TWO BOOT-BLACKS.

A day or two ago, during a lull in business, two little boot-blacks one white and one black, were standing at the corners doing nothing, when the white boot-black agreed to black the black boot-black's boots. The black boot-black was of course willing to have his boots blacked by his fellow boot-black, and the boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots went to work.

When the boot-black had blacked one of the black boot-black's boots till it shone in a manner that would make any boot-black proud, this boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots refused to black the other boot of the black boot-black, until the black boot-black who had consented to have the white boot-black black his boots, should add five cents to the amount the white boot-black had made blacking other men's boots. This the boot-black whose boot had been blacked refused to do, saying it was good enough for a black boot-black to have one boot blacked, and he didn't care whether the boot that the boot-black hadn't blacked was blacked or not.

This made the boot-black who had blacked the black boot-black's boot as angry as a boot-black often gets, and he vented his black wrath by spitting upon the blacked boot of the black boot-black. This roused the latent passions of the black boot-black, and he proceeded to boot the white boot-black with the boot which the white boot-black had blacked. A fight ensued, in which the white boot-black who had refused to black the unblacked boot of the black boot-black, blacked the black boot-black's visionary organ, and in which the black boot-black wore all the blacking off his blacked boot in booting the white boot-black.

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15. THE DUEL BETWEEN MR. SHOTT AND MR. NOTT.

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding.

Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with fire arms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would not be shot. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.—*Harper's Weekly.*

V. EXERCISE.

1. TONGUE TONES. L–r–far.
2. NASALS. m–n–ng.

ELEMENTARY DRILL OF THE HAND AND FINGERS.

Sheridan says:—"Every one knows that with the hands we can demand or promise, call, dismiss, welcome, threaten, supplicate, show joy, sorrow, fear, admiration, respect, and many other things now in common use."

HAND.	FINGERS.
1. PALM or vital part.	1. THUMB–vital.
2. SIDE or mental part.	2. FIRST FINGER–indicative.
3. BACK or emotive.	3. SECOND AND THIRD–emotive.
	4. LITTLE FINGER–sensitive.

supine	moulding	slapping	pointing	flattering
prone	defining	trembling	applied	accusing
vertical	affirming	wringing	flourishing	caressing
clenched	marking	pulling	ennumerating	warning
inward	rubbing	pushing	convulsions	repulsing
outward	concealing	threatening	zigzag	painting
accepting	presenting	commanding	meekness	listening

VOICE AND GESTURE.

THE ARABIC PARABLE.

(First read, then give in Pantomime.)

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;

And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "'The names of those who love the Lord,'
'And is mine one?' asked Abou. 'Nay not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."—*Leigh Hunt.*

ELEMENTARY CHART.

Practice ten minutes daily for *strength* and *clearness* of tone, as well as for correct, elegant articulation.

(26 letters=44 elementary sounds.)

LONG SOUNDS.

1. ē – *as in* – me – eve – mete.
2. ā " ale – may – tate.
3. ā " air – pair – share.
4. ā " arm – bar – father.
5. ā " all – fall – law.
6. ō " old – no – home.
7. o͞o " ooze – moon – food.

SHORT SOUNDS.

1. ĭ – *as in* – it– pit – live.
2. ĕ " pet – debt – met.
3. ĕ " err – verge – verse.
4. ă " add–fat–bad.
5. ŏ " on – odd – not.
6. ŭ " up–cup–sup.
7. o͝o " book – root – wood.

DOUBLE SOUNDS.

1. i – *as in* – ice – isle – fly.
2. oi " oil – boy – joy.
3. ow " owl – row – cow.
4. u " lute – few – due.

HALF TONES.

1. b – *as in* – bib – babe – bid.
2. d " did–dead–dug.
3. g " go–gave–gone.
4. j " judge – John – June.
5. v " vim–vent–value.
6. th " thee – thou – breathe.
7. z " zest – zeal – ooze.
8. zh " azure – measure – pleasure.

NASALS.

1. m – *as in* – moon – men.
2. n " nun – nine.
3. ng " king – sting.

LINGUALS.

1. L – *as in* – lull – bill.
2. r " rise – run.
3. r " far–star.

ASPIRATE EXPLODENTS.

1. p – *as in* – pipe – pip – pen.
2. t " tite – tot – tin.
3. k " kite – kick – kin.

ASPIRATE CONTINUANTS.

1. ch – *as in* – church – chin – chide.
2. f " fife – fine – fiend.
3. th " thin – think – thistle.
4. s " sin – sun – see.
5. sh " shame – shun – shield.
6. h " home – he – has.
7. wh " when – where – which.

UNITED SOUNDS.

1. w – *as in* – we – way – went.
2. y " yes–yet–yawn.

(C–q–x– have no sound which are not given by other letters.)

WORK.

And I say to you as my old master said to me: "*Patience*, *Perseverance*, *Persistency*, *Pertinacity*, *Push*, and *Practice*, must *produce* PERFECTION."

VI. EXERCISE.

Toneless Sounds.

A. Explosive. P–t–k–ch.

B. Continuous. f–th–s–sh–h–wh.

ELEMENTARY DRILL OF INFLECTIONS.

(Practice Inflections for expressive movement of voice.)

"Feathers float in the air. Weighty things fall to the ground."

---

1. Give the Seven Long Sounds with Rising Slide.

Did you say — eel–ale–air–arm–all–old–ooze.

Rising Inflection. (Surprise–questioning–suspended–sense.)

1. "What, is my mother here?"

2. "Must I observe you?"

3. She looks as clear
As many roses washed in dew. —*Shakespeare.*

(Lively.)

4. 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter—
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

(Flattery.)

5. "I pray thee remember I have done thee worthy service; told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served without grudge or grumblings."

2. Give the Seven Long Sounds with Falling Slide.

Yes, I said—*eel–ale–air–arm–all–old–ooze.*

Falling Inflection — carries the voice down through a succession of tones.

(determination–positiveness–completeness of sense.)

1. "It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment, independence now and independence forever."

2. Age thou art shamed
Rome thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man.
—*Shakespeare.*

3. Heaven and earth! Let me not think on't
Frailty, thy name is woman! —*Hamlet.*

---

3. Give the Seven Long Sounds with Circumflex Inflection.

eel–ale–air–arm–all–old–ooze.

Circumflex Inflection. (sarcasm–scorn–irony.)

1. "And, did they ask you?"

2. "Has the gentleman done?
Has he completely done?"

3. For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men. —*Julius Cæsar.*

4. "Indeed! he is your friend, is he?
What! has he assured you that he is my friend."

5. "We! what page in the last court grammer
made you a plural?"

---

4. Give the Seven Long Sounds with Special Inflections. Exclamations, Cries, Sobs, Sighs, Groans and Laughter.

EXCLAMATIONS. (abrupt sounds.)

1. A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse! —*Richard III.*

2. The foe! They come! they come! —*Byron.*

3. Up! comrades, up—in Rokebys' halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls! —*Scott.*

---

5. CRIES. (Joy.)

1. "Long live the king!"

(Joy–cheers.)

2. "Shout upon shout rang through the crowded circus and soon, above the cheers, could be distinguished the cry; 'Pardon, pardon for the Jew.' No galleys! no galleys! Life, life for the son of Simon!"

---

6. SOBS. (Grief.)

1. "My little girl, my bonny blue eyed Bess, is dead."

2. "Then suddenly rang a sharp, low cry!
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly tossed
Her withered arms in the summer sky,—
O Willie! Willie! My lad! my lost!
The Lord be praised! after sixty years
I see you again! The tears you cost,
O Willie, darling, were bitter tears!"

---

7. SIGHS. (Reflective.)

Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "the Fork"
Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hills, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bed-clothes of snow;
Of that ride———that—to me was the rarest;
Of———the something you said at the gate;
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best paying lead in the State." —*Bret Harte.*

8. GROANS. (Pain, mental or physical.)

1. "Dead, both my boys, one shot in the sea by the East, one shot in the West by the sea."

2. Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.—Oh! oh! oh!—*Lady Macbeth.*

---

9. LAUGHTER.

"There were sixty horses in the field all metal to the bone. The start was a picture! Away we flew in a cloud—pell-mell, helter-skelter, the fools first as usual using themselves up. We soon passed them. First your Kitty, then my Blue-skin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug! Kittie skimmed the walls, Blue-skin flew over the fences, the colt neck to neck and half a mile to run. At last, the colt balked a leap and went wild. Then Kittie and I had it all to ourselves. She was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall —six feet if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Then for the first time, I gave Blue-skin his head. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Away he went like a thunderbolt. Over went the filly, I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch, walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair."

CADENCE.

10. CADENCE:—control of the cadence is a distinguished accomplishment. This is done by dropping the voice at the close of the sentence, indicating that the sense is finished.

EXAMPLES.

1. "In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to *die.*"

2. "Not a tear must o'er her fall;
He giveth His beloved *sleep.*"

3. "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."—*Bible.*

CLIMAX.

11. CLIMAX— (is a gradual heightening of all the circumstances, which we desire to present in a strong light.)

(Effect–grandeur.)

1. "Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there;"

2. Yet she had remembrance enough to turn her blind eyes toward the east and murmur, in her terror of that white dawn that must soon break, the only prayer that had ever been uttered by the lips no mother's kiss had ever touched:—"God! keep the day back."

—*Ouida.*

3. The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away.— *Dickens.*

4. I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start, The games' afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry, England, and Saint George!

VII. EXERCISE.

FRONT SCALE OF VOWELS—*eel–it–ale–et–at.*

BACK SCALE OF VOWELS—*ooze–book–old–all–on.*

HEAD—ARM—ELBOW—SHOULDER.

(" *The proper study of mankind is man.*")

1. Man is Vital having life and energy.
2. Man is Intellectual having thought.
3. Man is Emotive having affection.

The divisions of the body are Head, Torso, Limbs. These are known as Mental, Vital and Emotive, and are sub-divided into parts also Mental—Emotive—Vital.

All gestures, movements and attitudes of the body and its several parts may be classified as :—

Vital, expressing energy.
Intellectual, expressing thought.
Emotive, expressing feeling.

HEAD.

1. Forehead is *mental.*
2. Cheek is *emotive.*
3. Mouth and chin is *vital.*

Head up and down—expresses assent.
" side to side—expresses negation.
" thrown back in pride.
" natural (easily erect) in calm repose.
" leans toward object—in sympathy–affection.
" leans from object—in suspicion–hate–distrust.
" sinks on chest—in humility–shame–deep thought.
" lifted toward Heaven—in sacred devotion–adoration.

ARM.

The divisions of the arm are three.

1. The shoulder is *vital.*
2. The elbow is *emotive.*
3. The wrist is *mental.*

The shoulder raised—in indignation.
" " lowered—in prostration.
" " advanced—in endurance.
" " thrown back—in pride.

Delsarte called the shoulder "the thermometer of sensibility."

ELBOW.

1. Turned out—in conceit–audacity.
2. Turned in—in weakness–despondency.
3. Natural—calm repose–modesty.

The elbow may suggest affection and will.
The wrist is strong and guides the hand.

GESTURE.

The ancients attached great importance to action, and graceful, animated gestures are just as necessary and pleasing now as they were in the days of antiquity. Nature proves action or motion to be an element of beauty, the graceful waving trees, the motion of the ever changing clouds, the rippling water, waving grass, and motion of the birds must be always graceful.

Gesture addresses itself to the eye and is reflected from the heart. The ancient orators were divided in opinion as to whether voice or gesture possessed the greater influence. Roscius boasted that he could express sentiment "as many different ways by his gesture as the great Cicero could by his voice."

There are a few general rules regarding gesture, with which the speaker should be familiar, his *attitude* toward his audience, the direction of the *arm* movements—position of *hands*—*arm*—and *elbow*. I have asked different pupils, at least ten times in five minutes, to please keep the hand open. It is a glaring fault to gesticulate with the fist, unless, indeed, we are very angry.

The following illustration will speak for itself :—

In the days of King James II. of England, an eminent clergyman, who was honored with the attendance of the king at his church, wishing to impress upon the king's mind an important truth, fixed his eye upon him, and clenching his fist, struck upon the desk with great force as he exclaimed, "*There* who *dares* to deny *that?*" "No one," said King James in a low voice, "that stands in reach of your fist."

Too many gestures are to be avoided, as well as mechanical ones —Shakespeare's advice—"Suit the action to the word—the word to the action" is the soul of eloquence.

(Study Hamlet's Advice to the Players.)

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

Middle Pitch, Moderate Movement, Expulsive Form, Energetic Force.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier had spoken my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hands, but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must beget a temperance that will give it smoothness.

O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. Pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame either, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature, for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end is to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the times their form and pressure.

Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it may make the unskillful laugh cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of which one must, in your allowance, outweigh a whole theatre of others. O there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely—

that neither having the accent of Christian nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated hnmanity so abominably.

—*Shakespeare.*

EXAMPLES ILLUSTRATING THE NINE ARTISTIC ATTITUDES.

WEIGHT ON LEFT FOOT BACK.

(Force in Repose.)

1. CALM THOUGHT AND REVERY.
2. DEFIANCE.
3. GRIEF.

WEIGHT ON BOTH FEET.

(Force in Hesitation.)

1. FAMILIARITY.
2. INDECISION.
3. RESPECT.
(old age or childhood.)

WEIGHT ON RIGHT FOOT FORWARD.

(Force in Activity.)

1. SUSPENSE.
2. ANIMATION.
3. EXALTATION.

CALM THOUGHT.

One summers day when all was still,
I rested at my window sill,
The busy town along the bay—
In pearly mists and vapors lay.

REVERY.

Now as I mused on times a gone
I heard a voice that cried——

FAMILIARITY.

"Here's your nice fresh mackerel. Three for a quarter; one for yourself, one for your wife, one for your daughter——

INDECISION.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice.
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore—"

DEFIANCE

This attitude expresses force in antagonism.

GRIEF.

"For O it was so hard to sit in darkness while the rest had light, to move to discord when the rest had song, to be so young and never to have lived. I bore as women bear until one day soul said to flesh—"

DEFIANCE.

"This I endure no more; and with the word up rose, tore clay apart, and what was blank before grew blanker still——"

SUSPENSE.

" Open the curtain child, yes, it is night."

ANIMATION.

" O stay, for I do love."

EXHALTATION AND VEHEMENCE.

" At this critical moment Messala, whirling his lash with a practised hand, caught the Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut simultaneously shouting——"

RESPECT.

" To all, to each, a fair good night,
Pleasing dreams, and slumbers light."

VIII. EXERCISE.

TIME.

Time refers to the rapidity with which words and sentences are given. We have *time* spent on a sound, *time* spent on a pause, and *time* spent on words and sentences.

Quantity and pauses belong to the elements of *time*. A change of *time* will express a change of sentiment.

The divisions of time are :—

QUICK, VERY QUICK, MODERATE, SLOW, VERY SLOW.

ELEMENTARY DRILL OF TIME.

(Practice ten minutes daily for clear, musical tones.)

1. GIVE THE SEVEN LONG SOUNDS IN ALL THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF TIME.

2. GIVE THE LONG AND SHORT SOUNDS WITH SLOW AND QUICK TIME.

3. EXAMPLES OF MODERATE TIME. (Descriptive.)

When she lifted the hand with the flower on it, I could think of nothing but—

"In the beauty of the lilies,
Christ was born across the sea."—*Phelps.*

(Narrative.)

[From "Talk to the Point."]

Talk to the point, and stop when you reach it. The faculty which some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper is despicable.

To fill a volume upon nothing is a credit to nobody, though Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem upon "Nothing." There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it and almost feel it in their presence. On all occasions it is produced till it is worn as thin as charity.

They remind you of a twenty-four pounder discharging at a humming-bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects.

---

4. Slow Time. (pathos–tranquillity.)

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.—*Longfellow.*

---

5. Very Slow Time. (deep–solemnity.)

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,—*Poe.*

Her suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose,
But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern sky,
She passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.—*Aldrich.*

---

6. Quick Time. (joy–gladness.)

I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song,
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wak'ning earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire,
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray;
With Sheridan only five miles away.—*Read.*

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that over sprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells.— *Poe.*

7. Very Quick Time. (Ecstatic joy–exciting appeals–confusion.)

Hurrah! off again, dashing on as in ire,
Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing with fire!
Ho! a ditch! Shall we pause? No; the bold leap we dare,
Like a swift-winged arrow we rush through the air!
Oh, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,
Not the wildering waltz in the ball-rooms' blaze,
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race;
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,
Nor the sail, high heaving waters o'er,
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,
Can the wild thrilling joy exceed,
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed!—*Grace Greenwood.*

It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness, but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. And above the noises of the race there was but one voice and that was "Ben-Hur's." In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs:—

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares, dost thou linger now? Good horse—Oho, Aldelbaran! I hear them singing in the tents, singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldelbaran, and victory! and the song will never end, Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home. On—on—Ha, ha, ha, 'tis done! Rest!"

—*Lew Wallace.*

ELEMENTARY DRILL OF QUANTITY.

QUANTITY OR PROLONGATION.

Quantity is decidedly an important element of expression, as well as one of the most beautiful. It refers to *Time* spent in the utterance of a sound. Solemn subjects, prayer, sorrow, deep solemnity, etc., require it. Quantity is usually given to the long sounds, and goes hand in hand with the effusive form. All the varieties of expression may be produced by a proper use of Quantity.

All drawling must be avoided. Shakespeare warns us against "mouthing our words." Those who partly sing and partly read at the same time, do neither well. Cæsar once asked a person who read with so much "sing-song" before him, "Do you read or sing?"

Quantity in its fullness — "reminds us of the scent of a bank of violets, fragrant with the hidden sweetness of the spring."

EXAMPLES.

1. "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll—"

2. "Oh! happiness, our being's end and aim—"

3. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape *o'er*,—
Not *Jordan's* stream, nor *death's cold flood*,
Should fright us from the *shore*."

4. "Blessed is the *soul* that listeneth to the voice of the *Lord*, and from his *own* lips heareth the *words* of consolation."

HEAVEN.

This world's not "all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given—"
He that hath sooth'd a widow's woe,
Or wip'd an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something *here* of Heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit, from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something *felt* of Heaven.

He that the Christian's course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God, and love to man,
On *earth* hath *tasted* Heaven.

SHORT QUANTITY.

Short quantity and explosive form are used in expressing joy, mirth, light tones, laughter, etc., and is "Brisk as the April buds in primrose season."

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip and sip it up?
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Wilt appear as short as one.— *William Oldys.*

IX. EXERCISE.

FORCE.

Force is strength or power applied to words and sentences, so as to interpret their meaning in the most suitable manner. When we confine strength or power to different parts of a word or sound we call it *stress*. *Force* imparts brilliancy to our composition. It has been said that *quantity* and *stress* constitute the soul of delivery. Changes of *force* are indispensable to variety of expression. Force requires that the words and sentences which are the most *important* shall be made the most *prominent*; the *place* and the *amount* must be determined by the *sense*. The scale of *force* is *relative* not *absolute*. The divisions of *force* are :—

GENTLE, MODERATE, LOUD, IMPASSIONED, SUSTAINED.

ELEMENTARY DRILL OF FORCE.

(Practice ten minutes daily for strength.)

1. Give the Seven Long Sounds in all the different kinds of Force.

2. Examples of Gentle Force. (tenderness–pathos.)

1. Peace in the clover-scented air,
And stars within the dome,
And underneath, in dim repose,
A plain New England home.
Within a murmur of low tones
And sighs from hearts oppressed,
Merging in prayer at last, that brings
The balm of silent rest.

2. Again, all is still,
On the side of the hill
Lies silent the camp in the shadow of night,
The soldiers are sleeping;
The sentinel walks in the moon's silver light,
His silent watch keeping.—*Diekenga*.

3. Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? Grave thy victory!
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!—*H. F. Lyte.*

———

3. Moderate Force. (conversational–descriptive.)

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions,
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.—*Hood.*

TRIFLING CONVERSATION.

Helen—What's that you read?
Modus—Latin, sweet cousin.
Helen—'Tis a naughty tongue
I fear, and teaches men to lie.
Modus—To lie!
Helen—You study it. You call your cousin sweet,
And treat her as you would a crab. "As sour
"'Twould seem you think her, so you covet her!
"Why, how the monster stares and looks about!"
You construe Latin, and can't construe that?
Modus—I never studied women.
Helen—No; nor men.
Else would you better know their ways: nor read
In presence of a lady.—*Knowles.*

———

4. Loud Force. (intensity–gladness.)

1. Was ever a scene so splendid;
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze;
Thank God that my exile's ended,
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and the cot I was born in
O Ireland, don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the morning.—*Locke.*

2. I'm with you once-again, my friends;
No more my foot-steps roam;
Where it begins my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear;
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here?—*Morris.*

(Animated conversation.)

Romeo—Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more,
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Juliet.—Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.—*Shakespeare.*

---

5. Impassioned Force. (strong emotions.)

1. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle Heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!—*Macbeth.*

2. Were my tongue thunder—
I would cry, Revenge! Revenge!—*Croly.*

3. Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back!—*Macbeth.*

4. But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live:
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—*Macbeth.*

6. SUSTAINED FORCE. (calling–commanding.)

1. Rejoice, you men of Angier's, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's doth approach,
Open your gates and give the victors way.—*Shakespeare.*

2. COMMANDING.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"*Forward, the Light Brigade!*
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.—*Tennyson.*

X. EXERCISE.

PITCH.

Pitch is an important requisite to the public speaker, it refers to the raising or lowering of the voice.

We change our *pitch* when we change our sentiment, thus depression of spirit will naturally cause a relaxation of the vocal cords and the *pitch* will be low, while mirth and gayety of spirit will lengthen the vocal cords and the *pitch* will be high.

The scale of *pitch* is relative, not absolute.

The divisions of *pitch* are :—

HIGH, VERY HIGH, MIDDLE, LOW, VERY LOW.

ELEMENTARY DRILL OF PITCH.

(Practice ten minutes daily for variety and range of tones.)

1. GIVE THE SEVEN LONG-SOUNDS WITH ALL THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF PITCH.

2. COUGH OUT THE SEVEN SHORT SOUNDS IN MIDDLE AND LOW PITCH.

3. PRONOUNCE THE FOLLOWING WORDS IN HIGH AND LOW PITCH.

bidding	singing	sailing	going	guiding	expecting
hardness	darkness	giddiness	smoothness	wilderness	careless
frosts	posts	boasts	fists	ghosts	acts
folds	scolds	builds	scalds	childs'	enfolds
populous	Tuesday	dubious	duty	illume	tube
don't you	subtle	stoics	alacrity	laconic	drama
musically	particularly	statistically	theoretically	homiletically	

4. MIDDLE PITCH. (descriptive.)

1. The splendor falls on castle-walls,
And snow'y summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle–blow–set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle–answer, echoes, dying–dying–dying.
—*Tennyson.*

2. A thousand thousand laurel boughs are waving wide and far,
To shed out their triumphal gleams around his rolling car;
A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their wealth of flowers,
To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gem-like showers.
—*Coronation of Tasso.*

---

5. LOW PITCH. (tenderness.)

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

Father perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith.—*Phebe Cary.*

---

6. VERY LOW PITCH. (solemnity.)

OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

1. Oh, breathe not his name! Let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

—*Thomas Moore.*

---

7. High Pitch. (lively–animated–earnest.)

1. Gayly and gayly rang the gay music,
The blithe merry music of harp and of horn,
The mad merry music that set us a-dancing
'Till over the midnight came stealing the morn.

Down the great hall went waving the banners
Waving and waving their red, white and blue,
As the sweet summer wind came blowing and blowing
From the city's great garden asleep in the dew,
Under the flags, as they floated and floated,
Under the arches and arches of flowers
We two and we two floated and floated
Into the mystical midnight hours.—*Nora Perry.*

(Animated.)

2. When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hello!"
Say "Hello" and "How d' you do?"
"How's the world a-using you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your hand down with a whack.
Walk right up, and don't go slow,
Smile and shake and say "Hello!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, pshaw!
Walk right up and say "Hello!"
Rags is but a common roll,
Just for wrapping up a soul.
And a soul is worth a true
Hale and hearty "How d' you do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
But walk right up and say "Hello!"—*Foss.*

8. Very High Pitch. (gayety–intensity.)

1. Swinging through the forests,
Rattling over ridges
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!—*Saxe.*

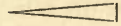
(Ecstatic joy.)

2. "It snows," cries the school boy; "hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall;
While swift as the wing of a swallow he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call.
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;
Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy
As he gathers his treasures of snow.—*Mrs. Hale.*

XI. EXERCISE.

STRESS.

Stress produces a very great effect, if properly understood, and executed. It requires a cultivated voice, and good judgment to use it in the most appropriate places; it belongs entirely to *force*, and may be called *force* or *strength* as applied to different parts of a *word* or *sound*. The various kinds of *stress* are:—

1. RADICAL
2. FINAL 
3. MEDIAN
4. THOROUGH
5. COMPOUND
6. INTERMITTANT

ELEMENTARY DRILL OF STRESS.

(Practice daily for flexibility.)

1. GIVE THE SEVEN LONG SOUNDS WITH THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF STRESS.

2. EXAMPLES OF MEDIAN STRESS. <> (loudest in the middle.)

(Pathetic–beautiful.)

1. Oh skies be calm, O winds blow free,
   Blow all my ships safe home to me,
   But if Thou send'st some a-wrack
   To never more come sailing back
   Send any, all that skim the sea,
   But bring my love ship home to me.— *Wilcox.*

2. My soul to-day is far away,
   Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
   My winged boat, a bird afloat,
   Swims round the purple peaks remote.—*Read.*

REPULSION

This attitude expresses general aversion.

(Swelling tones.)

3. O! Hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer further going.

---

3. INTERMITTANT STRESS. ~~~~~ (tremulous–emotional.)

1. Over yonder Missis' sleeping —
No one tends her grave like me;
Mebbe she would miss the flowers,
She used to love in Tennessee.—*Beers.*

(Feebleness–age.)

2. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
Thomas Moss.

---

4. THOROUGH STRESS. [_____] (force throughout.)

(Triumph–commanding.)

1. Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,—
From Winchester,—twenty miles away!"—*Read.*

(Courage.)

2. Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.—*Scott.*

---

5. RADICAL STRESS. [▭ (Force on first part of a word.)

(Positiveness.)

1. Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts!
Dash him to pieces!

2. Now we're off—like the winds to the plains whence they came;
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame;
On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod!

—*Grace Greenwood.*

---

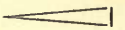
6. Compound Stress. ▷◁ (Force applied to the first and last part of the word or sound.)

(Sarcasm–contempt–intensity,)

1. I held some slack allegiance till this hour,
But now my sword's my own—— —*Croly.*

2. Thy threats, thy mercies, I defy!
And give thee in the teeth the lie!

---

7. Final Stress.  (Force given to the last part of the word.)

(Defiance, determination.)

1. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

2. What! threat you me with telling of the king?

3. Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt!

XII. EXERCISE.

EXAMPLES OF PURE AND IMPURE QUALITIES.

(Practice qualities for kind of voice.)

PURE QUALITIES.	IMPURE QUALITIES.
1. Pure	1. Aspirate
2. Oratund	2. Guttural
3. Oral	3. Semi-Aspirate
4. Falsetto	4. Nasal

PURE QUALITY.

1. Pure tone is a clear, musical tone with the resonance in the back part of the mouth.

(Natural–conversational–pathos.)

1. It was a stately convent with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footsteps fall,
And o'er its antique dial stones, the creeping shadows passed,
And all around the noonday sun a drowsy radiance cast,
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
—*H. G. Bell.*

(Reflective.)

2. Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy!
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.—*Moore.*

(Intensified conversation.)

3. *Hamlet*—Now, mother; what's the matter?
Queen—Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet—Mother you have my father much offended.
Queen—Come, come; you answer with an idle tongue.
Hamlet—Go, go; you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen—Why, how now Hamlet?
Hamlet—What's the matter now?
Queen—Have you forgot me?
Hamlet—No, by the rood, not so: You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife.
Queen—Nay, then I'll send those to you that can speak.
Hamlet—Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge; You go not, till I set you up a glass where you may see the inmost part of you.—*Shakespeare.*

---

2. ORATUND. (Pure tone deepened and enlarged, with the vibration or resonance in the chest.)

(Sublimity–reverence–grandeur.)

1. Oh! Thou eternal One, whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devasting flight—
Thou only God; there is no God beside—
Being above all beings; Mighty One;
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er,
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

Oh thoughts ineffable! Oh visions blest!
Though worthless our conception all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence—Being, wise, and good;
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.—*Derzhavin.*

2. He who aims high must dread an easy home and popular manners. Heaven sometimes hedges a rare character about with ugliness and odium, as the burr that protects the fruit.

If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or the second call, nor in the shape of fashion, ease, and city drawing-rooms. Popularity is for dolls. Steep and craggy, said Porphyry, is the path of the gods. Open your Marcus Antoninus. In the opinion of the ancients, he was the great man who scorned to shine, and who contested the frowns of fortune.—*Emerson.*

---

3. ORAL. (Resonance in the front part of the mouth.)

(Child–voice–feebleness–sickness.)

1. "I'm going back down to grandpa's
I won't come back no more,
To hear the remarks about my feet
A muddying up the floor,
They's too much said about my clothes,
The scoldin's never done,
I'm going back down to grandpa's
Where a boy kin have some fun."

(Feebleness.)

2. "No! no! I want—nothing, The angels are beckoning me—there over the river."

(Exhaustion.)

3. Let me lie down
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer:
Let me lie down.—*Miller.*

---

4. FALSETTO. (A high tone, above the natural key, resonance in upper part of mouth.)

(Imitation.)

1. "Finally a simple-minded fish contrives to get itself fastened on the hook of a timid woman who gives vent to her tongue—'Oh,

something's got my hook!' 'Pull up! pull up!' shout three or four voices—and the poles are dropped and the girls all rush to the rescue."

2. Mr. Noodles—Mr. Noodles! I say, Mr. Noodles! Now, if you were half awake, and had a disposition to get along in the world, and be anything or anybody, or do half what you promised to do when you married me, I should never be under the painful necessity of reminding you of what you are. Mr. Noodles! I had plenty of eligible offers—but you—you Mr. Noodles made so many lofty promises that I just threw myself away—and here I've been years and years, toiling and digging, and working unceasingly, to help make something or somebody out of you—Mr. Noodles—and this is my reward.—*Hall.*

IMPURE QUALITIES.

5. GUTTURAL. (Discordant tone, the resonance in the lower part of the throat.)

(Hate–defiance–scorn.)

1. "Ho, base Jew; work you in such guise!
Hello, my men! Close in; charge home!
Strike down this *dog* of an assassin!"

2. And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast *lied*.—*Scott.*

3. The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.
—*Macbeth.*

4. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive.—*Macbeth.*

---

6. ASPIRATE. (Resonance variable.)

(Secrecy–stillness–suppressed fear.)

1. No other sound or stir of life was there
Except my steps in solitary clamber
From flight to flight, from stair to stair,
From chamber into chamber.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!—*Hood.*

2. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;—
Look on't again, I dare not!—*Macbeth.*

3. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee,
I have thee not: and yet I see thee still!
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.—*Macbeth.*

---

7. Semi-Aspirate. (Intensifies the expression, resonance in the lower part of throat.)

(Awe–amazement–or dread.)

1. Still it cried, "*Sleep no more*," to all the house,
"*Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more — Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
— *Shakespeare.*

2. I am thy father's spirit,—
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of Nature,
Are burned and purged away.—*Shakespeare.*

---

8. Nasal. (Resonance in the cavity of the nose.)

(Mimicry–burlesque.)

1. "Ethan, who's been a-painting on that barn? Ethan Ripley, what have you been doing?"

"Nawthin,' a man came along an' he wanted to paint that sign on there an' I let him—it's my barn anyhow an' I guess I can do what I've a mind to with my own barn—"

"Ethan Ripley—I declare I don't see what possessed you—"

"Wal' he paid me twenty-five dollars for it—or that is just the same thing—he gave me twenty-five bottles of the best family bitters in the market."

2. "The birds can fly,
An' why can't I?
Must we give in,"
Says he, with a grin,
"That the bluebird an' phœbe
Are smarter'n we be?"

ONOMATOPOETIC.

1. (The drum.)

With a rap, and a tap, and a rolling beat,
And a sound on the ground of the tramp of feet,
Keeping step they come,
With the sound of the drum,
With the rapping and the tapping of a drum, of a drum, drum, drum.
To the beating of a drum, drum, drum, drum.—*Diekenga.*

2. (Whistles.)

(Vibration upper and back part of mouth.)

Six-five A. M. there's a local comes,
Makes up at Bristol, running east;
An' the way her whistle sings and hums—
Is a living caution to man an' beast.

Every one knows who Jack White calls—
Little Lou Woodbury down by the Falls;
Summer or winter, always the same,
She hears her lover calling her name—
"Lou—ie—Lou—iee—Lou—iee!"—*Burdette.*

3. (Bells.)

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul," said a soft bell,
Come here, and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began—
"Do well," do well, do well—do well—
Rang out a clear toned bell.—*Bungay.*

4. (Bird tones.)

Merrily swinging o'er brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name,—
Whirr—Whirr—Whirr.
Bobolink—bobolink—spink—spank—spink.
Chee—chee—chee.
Snug and safe in this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee—Chee—Chee.
Whirr—whirr—whirr.

5. (Echo.)

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon-seat;
His somber face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies,
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

XIII. EXERCISE.

EXAMPLES INTRODUCING TWENTY-SIX POSITIONS OF THE ARM.

DECLARATION.

I. "The king is present."

AFFIRMATION.

II. "I tell you though all the world declare it, I will not believe it."

NEGATION.

III. "You charge me that I have blown this coal, I do deny it."

MAINTAINING.

IV. "I will uphold the truth of his statement."

CONTEMPT.

V. "Oh! it is not worth a fig."

MEDITATION.

VI. "And I thought on all the subjects which the generous Duke had named."

ACQUIRING.

VII. "When suddenly it flashed across my mind, They had gone."

THREATENING.

VIII. "Thou shalt not live, That I may tell pale-hearted fear it *lies*."

ANIMATION.

IX. "Had I three ears I'd hear thee."

DETERMINATION.

X. "I'll have my bond, I will not hear thee speak."

HOLDING.

XI. "Here I hold a pilot's thumb
Wrecked as homeward he did come."

INDICATING.

XII. "Like yon maiden by the cypress which the vines are weeping o'er."

REVEALING.

XIII. "But still this purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things."

SUPPLICATING.

XIV. "Oh, do not turn me away, I implore."

ACCUSATION.

XV. "Your heart is filled with arrogance, spleen and pride."

HUMILITY.

XVI. "King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast and quickly answered—'Thou knowest best; my sins as scarlet are.'"

BENEDICTION.

XVII. "May the blessings of Heaven rest upon them."

MENTAL CONVULSION.

XVIII. "I had most need of blessing,
But amen *stuck* in my throat."

CARESSING.

XIX. "Then the good steed's rein she took and his neck did kiss and stroke."

ATTACKING.

XX. "Avaunt, little rascal, away with you—fly."

GLORIFICATION.

XXI. "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all the earth."

REJECTION.

XXII. "Fling away ambition, by that sin fell the angels."

ACCEPTANCE.

XXIII. "Yes, I will accept the gift."

CALM REPOSE.

XXIV. "Whene'er you speak remember every cause
Stands not on eloquence but stands on laws."

EXULTATION.

XXV. "Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out."

GOOD NIGHT.

XXVI. "Good night! good night!—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!"

XIV. EXERCISE.

ELEMENTARY GESTURE DRILL.

(Practice daily for freedom of movement.)

A. Hands crossed on chest—head bowed.
B. Right hand in salutation—left on chest—head raised.
C. Left palm laid on right.
D. Hands ascending—outward.
E. Hands descending—inward.
F. Hands supine ascending.
G. Hands prone descending.
H. Ascending curves.
I. Descending curves.
J. Quick writing.
K. Rotary movement—lateral.
L. Clap hands three times over head.
M. Rolling front—descending.
N. Ascending nodes.
O. Descending nodes.
P. Shaking hands three times.
Q. Arms swing back.
R. Arms swing front.
S. Kneel on left knee, right hand vertical.
T. Springing backward hands clasped at left shoulder.
U. Flourishing bow.
V. Fingers clasped at chest—elbows raised.
W. Convulsive fingers.
X. Quick writing—diagonally.
Y. Folded arms.
Z. Bow. (Martha Washington.)

DESCRIPTIVE GESTURE DRILL.

(Strength at the centre gives freedom at the surface.—*Delsarte.*)

---

1. Supine Hand.

Give the Seven Long Sounds with shades of expression suitable to illustrate the Supine Hand.

Supine Hand—the hand well opened, the two middle fingers close together. The palm or face of the hand is very expressive—used in Affirmation, General Statements. It Welcomes, Accepts, and is Impulsive, Frank, Generous in nature.

2. Prone Hand.

Give the Seven Long Sounds with suitable expression, using the Prone Hand to illustrate.

Prone Hand—the face of the hand turned down, used in Sadness, Solemnity, it Conceals, Covers, Buries, and is Repressive in nature.

3. Vertical Hand.

Give the Seven Short Sounds using the Hand Vertical.

Vertical Hand—the face of the hand is perpendicular, fingers pointing upward, expresses Aversion, Fear, Calling Attention, and is Repelling in nature.

4. Inward Hand.

Give the Double Sounds using the Inward Hand.

Inward Hand—the hand is held on edge, thumb erect, used in Sacredness, Appeal to Heaven, also in Demonstrative gesture.

5. Index Finger.

Give the Linguals (at same time using the Index Finger.)

Index Finger—the first finger straight, hand closed easily, used in Locating, Defining, Indicating in nature.

6. Hands Enclosed.

Give Back Scale of Vowels with Hands Enclosed.

Hands Enclosed—Right hand clinched and laid in palm of left hand, used in Revery, Deep Thought, (tapping quickly) denotes Impatience.

7. Wringing Hands.

Give the Four Double Sounds at the same time Wringing the Hands.

Wringing Hands—used in Distress, Pain, etc.

8. Hands Crossed.

Give Front Scale of Vowels using Hands Crossed.

Hands Crossed—the left hand crossed over right on the chest, elbows raised, Veneration, Humility of Heart.

9. Hands Applied.

Give the Four Double Sounds with the Hands Applied.

Hands Applied—the palms pressed together, fingers touching, Devotion, Adoration.

10. Clenched Hands.

Give the Seven Short Sounds using the Clenched Hand.

Clenched Hand—Determination, Rage, Anger.

11. Fingers Clasped.

Give the Eight Sub Vocals with the Fingers Clasped.

Clasped Fingers—indicate Strong Emotion, Pleading or Supplicating.

12. Clasped Hands.

Give the Seven Long Sounds with expression (the Hands Clasped.)

Clasped Hands—the palm of the right hand laid in palm of left, used in Humility, Intense Feeling, Resignation.

GOLDEN RULES.

1. Do not personate description, and in personation be careful only to *suggest* the passion.

2. Do not use Hand on Heart to show the feelings of others, *only* used with reference to your *own* feelings.

3. *Hush* or *Hark* may be given with Vertical Hand or Index Finger.

4. A gesture without meaning is a grimace in Art.

XV. EXERCISE.

PANTOMIMES.

I. You have just finished turning the leaves of an illustrated copy of "Dante" and are standing in—

MEDITATION.

II. Your attention is arrested by the sounds without, and you pause for a moment—

LISTENING.

III. Unable to recognize these sounds you go to your study window and stand—

LOOKING.

IV. Just then a familiar form enters and you show—

SURPRISE.

V. Recognizing, as you suppose, a friend you make a—

FORMAL SALUTATION.

VI. After which you extend a hearty—

WELCOME.

VII. Receiving no response other than an effort to speak, you pause in—

EXPECTATION.

VIII. Still receiving no response you turn away in—

REJECTION.

IX. Followed by—

INDIGNANT COMMAND—"GO!"

X. The object still remains and you show extreme—

ARROGANCE.

XI. You now display decided feelings of—

ANGER.

XII. Further emboldened, you stand in the attitude of—

DEFIANCE.

XIII. The form changes into something replusive, causing to creep over you feelings of—

FEAR.

XIV. Further transformation develops the object into loathsomeness from which you turn away in—

HORROR.

XV. While thus your eyes are turned away another transformation has taken place, The object has changed into one of Angelic beauty which you hail with—

SPIRITUAL JOY.

XVI. It is vanishing and you plead with it to stay, assuming the attitude of—

APPEAL.

XVII. It has vanished and you are left in great—

HUMILITY.

XVIII. You invoke forgiveness for your treatment of an Angel unawares, in the attitude of humble—

PRAYER.

XIX. Your conscience is relieved, your prayer is answered and you repose in—

FAITH.

XX. And now ladies and gentlemen, we trust that you are pleased with our exercises, and promising you faithful work in our future efforts to entertain our friends and the public, we bid you—

FAREWELL.

Arranged and presented by
PROF. R. I. FULTON.

REFLECTION

This attitude expresses force in repose.

ART

"The birthplace of Art is in the Soul."

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Gen. Lew Wallace and Harper & Brothers for so kindly permitting me to publish "The Chariot Race" from "Ben-Hur," and "Sergius to the Lion" from the "The Prince of India"; and to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for "Christine Rochefort"; to G. P. Putnam's Sons for "Life for Life" from "A Son of Issachar," and "The Dilemma" from "Yale Yarns," and "The Stranded Ship"; to Little, Brown & Co., and Jeremiah Curtin for "Quo Vadis"; to Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. for "Going to the Circus" from "The Wreck of the Circus," and "Laddie"; to J. L. Harbour for "The Mourning Veil," "William Henry," "Putting the Baby to Sleep," "A Bed-Time Classic" and "Papa and the Boy"; to J. P. Lippincott Company for "The Daughter of the Regiment"; to Lee & Shepard for "The Auctioneer's Gift," "Then Ag'in," and "Sunday Thieves"; to "Four O'Clock" for "A Matrimonial Venture"; to the Shortstory Publishing Company for "My Detective Instinct" and "Meeting of Royalty"; to the Strand Magazine for "The Little Tin Trumpet."

SARA LORD BAILEY.

Lawrence, Mass.

"LADDIE."

BY AUTHOR OF "MISS TOOSEY'S MISSION."

ARRANGED BY SARA LORD BAILEY.

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Dr. John Carter was a London physician who, by untiring efforts, had risen in his profession, until he enjoyed a most enviable practice and reputation. He was of humble origin, which fact he neither concealed nor obtruded upon people's attention, but to those who had a right to be interested he would say, "My family were poor working people in Somersetshire, and I don't even know if I had a grandfather. I owe everything to the good, old doctor who took me by the hand and whose talent made the ladder by which I have climbed."

Now, so highly was Dr. Carter respected that when he asked Sir John Meredith for the hand of his daughter Violet, the baronet unhesitatingly gave his consent.

The doctor sat in his consulting room one evening with a recent "Medical Review" in his hand—he had been engaged to Violet Meredith two days—and to-night, instead of reading, he was dreaming rosy day dreams, as was fit and proper after two days' wandering in fairy land. His reverie was interrupted by his man servant.

"Please, sir, there's someone wishes to see you; I told her as it was too late, but she wouldn't be put off no how, sir."

"What sort of a person is she?"

"She appears to be from the country, sir—rather a countryfied, homely old body, sir."

"Well, show her in."

"Countryfied, homely old body." Somehow, the description brought back to Dr. Carter's mind his mother, whom he had not seen for fifteen years. He smiled to himself at the thought, and even as he smiled, the door was pushed open and before him he saw (with a background of the gas-lit hall and the respectful servant), his mother.

"Mother! why mother!" He kissed her furrowed old cheeks, wet with tears of unutterable joy, and again said, "Mother! why mother!"

She was clinging meanwhile to his arm, sobbing out, "Laddie, my boy, Laddie"—with her eyes too dim with tears to see his face clearly or to notice how tall and grand and handsome her boy was grown, and what a gentleman! "I must have a good look at you, Laddie, my boy!"

And then her good angel must have spread his soft wing between the mother and son to keep her from seeing the look that was marring that son's face. All the pleasure was gone and embarrassment and disquiet lurked in the lines of his face.

"How did you come, mother?"

"By the train, dear, and it did terrify me more nor a bit at first, I'll not go for to deny, but, bless you, I soon got over it, and trains is handy sort of things when you get used to 'em, Laddie."

"Why didn't you write and say you were coming?"

"Well, well, I thought as I'd give you a surprise, and I know as you'd be worrying about the journey and thinking as I'd not be able to manage; but I'm not such a helpless old body after all, Laddie."

"And when must you go back, mother?"

"Go back, Laddie? Not till you get tired of me, Laddie."

John Carter busied himself with making the fire burn into a blaze, while his mother rambled on describing her journey. He paid little heed to what she said, for his head was busy trying to form some plan for getting himself out of his difficult position. He did not want to hurt, nor to be unkind to her in any way; but it was altogether out of the question having her there to live with him. It would ruin all his prospects in life, his position in his profession, and in society; as to his engagement, he did not venture even to allow himself to think of Violet.

"Mother, I wish you had written to tell me you were coming."

"I knew as you'd be pleased to see me, Laddie, come when I might or how I might."

How could he make her understand and see the gulf that lay between them,—her life and his? He talked on quickly and nervously, telling her, how they would go to-morrow and find a snug cottage not far from London, with everything pretty and comfortable that heart could wish for, and how he would come to see her often, very often, perhaps once a week.

"You would like it, wouldn't you, mother?"

"I'm aweary, Laddie, too tired like for new plans, and may be, dearie, too old."

"You must go to bed now, mother. Come, think no more of it to-night; everything will look brighter to-morrow. I'll show you your bedroom."

He left her with a kiss. She stood for some moments quite still, looking at herself in the long mirror. "And so, Laddie is ashamed of his old mother, and it ain't no wonder."

Before Dr. Carter slept that night he came to a different conclusion. "Come what may, I *will*, I'll keep my mother with me, let people say or think what they will; yes, even if it cost me Violet herself, as most likely it will. I'll keep my mother here with me."

But at daybreak his mother stood shivering in the cold November morning outside his door.

"I'll never be a shame to my boy, my Laddie; God bless him."

When Dr. Carter found his mother gone, he said to himself with a sore heart, "She has gone back to Sunny Brook. She saw what a miserable, base-hearted cur of a son she had, who grudged a welcome and a shelter to her who would have given her right hand to keep my little finger from aching. God forgive me for wounding the brave old heart. I will go and bring her back—she will be ready to forgive me before I speak."

But she was not at Sunny Brook. He searched diligently all day, but with no success, and, tired and dispirited, he put the matter into the hands of the police, who undertook with great confidence to find her before another day had passed.

It was with a haggard, anxious face that he went to see Violet. "I have come to tell you about my mother. I have deceived you shamefully." And then he told her of his mother, describing her as plainly and carefully as he could, trying to set aside everything fanciful or picturesque, and yet do justice to the kind, simple, old heart, trying to make Violet see the difference between the old country woman and herself. And then he told her how she had come to end her days under his roof.

"I could not ask you to live with her and so I have come to offer to release you from our engagement.

"It is too late to think of that for you asked me to be your wife a week ago, and I will not let you off. And, then, I have no mother of my own; and it will be so nice to have one, for she will like me for your sake, won't she? And what does it matter what she is like? She is your mother and that is enough for me."

"Hate me then, Violet, for I was ashamed of her; I was base and

cowardly and untrue, and I wanted to get her out of the way so that no one should know, not even you, and I hurt and wounded her who would have done anything for her 'Laddie,' as she call me, and she went away disappointed and I can't find her."

"We will find her, never fear, your mother and mine, Laddie."

Eighteen months passed. The search for the mother was altogther fruitless.

The wedding had been delayed from time to time, for Violet had said, "We will find *her* first, we must find her, Laddie, and then we will talk of the wedding."

They had not given up the hope of finding her, or their efforts to do so, but it no longer seemed a reason for postponing the marriage and the wedding day had been set.

One morning, a few days before the wedding, Dr. Carter was making his rounds through a great London hospital. He had been bending over an interesting case in the accident ward, and rising to pass on found that he had dropped from his coat some flowers which Violet had given him. They had fallen by some quick movement onto the next bed. An old woman's arms were stretched outside the bed clothes, and one of the hard worked hands had closed involuntarily upon the flowers.

"Here they are, sir," said the nurse. "Leave go the flowers, there's a good woman, the gentleman wants them. She's not been conscious, sir, since they brought her in; we don't know her name. I fancy she's Scotch for I heard her say 'Laddie' several times."

The words seemed to catch the unconscious ear, for the woman turned her head and said, "Laddie," "Laddie."

"Mother, mother, is it you? Mother speak to me!"

"There is some mistake," said the nurse, "this is quite a poor old woman."

"Yes, and she is my mother! I will make arrangements at once for her removal to my house, if she can bear it."

But it wanted little examination to tell that the old woman was past moving.

Love is stronger than death; many waters cannot drown it. Yes, but it cannot turn back those cold waters of death, when the soul has once entered them. And so Dr. Carter found that with all his love and with all his skill he could only smooth, and that but a very little, the steep, stony road down to Jordan.

He sent for Violet. She came at once, and kneeling down with

her sweet face close to the old mother's said, "Mother, I am Laddie's sweetheart."

"Laddie's sweetheart—he's been a good son to his old mother, and you'll make him a good wife, won't you, dear? God bless Laddie and his sweetheart."

Then the weary limbs relaxed into the utter repose and stillness of rest after labor, for the night had come when no man can work—the holy starlit night of death, with the silver streaks of the great dawn of the Resurrection shining in the east.

They buried her in the Sunny Brook church yard, and the country folks talked long afterwards about the funeral, and of Dr. Carter, "he as used to be called Laddie," and the pretty young woman who was known as Laddie's sweetheart.

Wouldn't the dear old soul have been proud if she could have seen them?—but she's better off where she is. There where there ain't no burying, no, nor *pride*, neither.

THE CHARIOT RACE.

BY LEW WALLACE.

From "Ben-Hur," copyright 1880, by Harper & Brothers.

ARRANGED BY SARA LORD BAILEY.

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INTRODUCTION.

In presenting the Chariot Race from Ben-Hur, by Gen. Lew Wallace, it is but justice to the author to say that in arranging and condensing for delivery in the shortest space, it has been necessary to transpose some portions of it.

Ben-Hur, a Jew, and Messala, a Roman, have been rivals from childhood, Ben-Hur having suffered great injuries at the hands of Messala; his property being confiscated, his mother and sister cast into prison and Ben-Hur himself sent to the galleys for life. After years of toil, he saved the life and won the favor of Arius, his master, who adopted him as his son. Soon afterwards, Arius died, leaving his name and fortune to Ben-Hur, who then returned to Judea in search of his mother and sister.

On arriving at Antioch, Ben-Hur learned of the great "Roman Chariot Race," which was about to take place and was the great event of the season, and also that Messala, his bitter enemy, was one of the principal contestants. Ben-Hur determined to enter the lists under the name of Arius and crush the haughty Roman.

For this purpose he secured four beautiful Arab steeds, belonging to Ilderim, a venerable shiek of the desert. Messala was so confident of success that he had staked his whole fortune upon winning the race.

The prizes offered were "100,000" sestertii and a crown of laurel.

* * * * * * * *

The great arena is before us. The trumpet sounded short and sharp, and simultaneously the gate-keeper threw the stalls open. First came the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected

the service. The chalk-line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again.

The gate-keepers called their men. Instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands and shouted with all their strength : "Down ! down ! " As well have whistled to stay a storm. Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours ; and up the vast assemblage rose, electrified and irrepressible, and leaping upon the benches, filled the circus and the air above it with yells and screams.

The competitors were now under full view from nearly every part of the circus, yet the race was not begun ; they must first make the chalked line. The arena swam in a dazzle of light, yet each driver looked first for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable. The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required.

Look with me upon the arena, see it glistening in its frame of dull gray granite walls ; see the chariots, light of wheel, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them—Messala's rich with ivory and gold ; see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the motion of the cars, in their left hands the reins, passing taut from the four ends of the carriage poles ; see the fours chosen for beauty as well as for speed ; see them in magnificent action, heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distent, now contracted—limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn—every muscle of the rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force.

The competitors have started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall. The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter blew a signal. The judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us ! Jove with us ! " yelled the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the fore-leg of the Athenian's right-hand tracemate, flinging the brute over against its yoke-fellow. Both staggered, struggled and lost their headway. The thousands held their breath with horror. Messala speeds on. The Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four ; and then,

as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds. Every bench upon which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat.

"Taken!" answered Drusus.

Ben-Hur was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman.

Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian and the Byzantine.

The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

When the race began Ben-Hur was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. He thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly; cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined, and Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever cost, at all hazards he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wages, honor—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. When not half way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision and the rope fell, give him the wall. The rope fell, and all the fours but Ben-Hur's sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. Ben-Hur drew head to the right, and darted across the trails of his opponents, swept around and took the course on the outside, neck and neck with Messala. The two neared the second goal. Viewed from the West, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle. Making a successful turn at this point was the most telling test of the charioteer. A hush fell over all the circus; the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds, were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur and for the first time recognized him; instantly the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner. Whirling his lash with practised hand he caught the Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known, simultaneously shouting: "Down, Eros! Up, Mars!"

The cruel blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. Down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant

cry of the spectators. Forward sprang the affirighted Arabs as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where, but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea! And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time, the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows drunk with power?

So he kept his place and gave the four free rein, and calling to them in soothing voice, tried merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate he had back the mastery. On approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman.

Three rounds concluded the race; still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before.

Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near.

The interest which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his acconnt.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat. There was no reply. "A talent—or five talents, or ten; choose ye!" But the offer was refused. Messala has reached his utmost speed. See the reins loose as flying ribbons, while Ben-Hur throws all his weight on the bits. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned behind the Roman's car. The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound; they screamed, howled and tossed their colors; while Sanballat filled his tablet with wagers. Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces. One ball and one dolphin remained to decide the success of the race, and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" shouted the throng.

From the benches above him as he passed, the favor descended in

fierce injunctions. "Speed thee, Jew! Take the wall now! Now or never!"

At the second goal even still no change! And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds. On the three pillars, only six hundred feet away, were fame, increase of fortune, promotions and a triumph ineffably sweet by hate, all in store for him.

Ben-Hur leaned forward over his Arabs and gave them the reins. Out flew the many folded lash in his hands; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report. Instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car.

At the moment chosen for the final dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track in a forward direction. The four close outside Messala's outer wheel; Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car. With the iron-shod point of his axle he caught Messala's wheel and crushed it. There was a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew.

Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear.

The Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed. The people arose, and leaped upon the benches and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career.

They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which he had been able to overthrow Messala, but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. And above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the shiek himself, he called

to the Arabs: "On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now! Good horse—Oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents, singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, and victory! And the song will never end.

"Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home! On! Ha, ha, ha! The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! On! Ha, ha! The work is done— Rest!"

LIFE FOR LIFE.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

An adaptation from "A Son of Issachar."

ARRANGED BY SARA LORD BAILEY.

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INTRODUCTION.

The incident which I am about to relate is supposed to have taken place in Judea during the life of Christ. Judas Iscariot, spoken of as Judah Bar-Simon, has been arrested as a conspirator against the Roman empire in Judea, and has been condemned to fight against lions in the amphitheatre.

The conditions are that if the lions do not kill him, he is to be sent to the galleys for life. The hero, Cheliel Bar-Asha, being under great obligations to Judas, resolves to take his place. In order to do this, he obtains an order to visit the prisoner from the Centurion Vettius, who has charge of Judas, and then treacherously kills him. The scene opens on the next morning, in the amphitheatre, which is crowded with people.

* * * * * * * *

"One Juda Bar-Simon, a Jew. For plotting treason against our lord the Emperor: to the lions! If he shall conquer—to the galleys for life!" It was the voice of the editor or manager of the games that day in the circus of Cæsarea Phillippi.

Already the games had been in progress. There had been wrestling and tumbling; there had been foot-races and chariot-races; there had been exhibitions of trained beasts. Cheers for the victors and favorites, jeers for the defeated. And now must come that tinge of blood without which, no exhibition in circus or amphitheatre was deemed complete.

To the waiting throng that filled the stone benches the announcement was most welcome. They hoped this criminal, Bar-Simon, would prove alert and strong, otherwise his tussle with the lions would be but stupid sport. A crouch, a spring, a crunching of human bones, and all

would be over. They wished, rather, for a show of skill, a chance to watch, to criticise, to applaud. Whether in the end man or lion should receive the applause, was to them a matter of small concern.

The narrow door of one of the vaulted cells beneath the overhanging tiers swung open. The man was first to be displayed.

A murmur of applause rang through the curious throng. "By Bacchus!" said one to his neighbor; "a promising-looking young fellow this Bar-Simon. Here may yet be sport."

Naked, save for the closely fitting cloth that covered his loins, with a netting of light but strong stuff thrown across his left arm, and with a sharpened *spatha*—or short sword—in his right hand, the false Bar-Simon stepped into the amphitheatre. His eyes made the round of the crowded circus. Not a friend in all that throng. Only a mass of curious faces waiting to see him die. Well, if his hour indeed had come they should see that he did not fear death, he would die game. And with a look of defiance and determination on his handsome face he walked swiftly to the centre of the sand-strewn arena and awaited his foes.

With a rattling, grating sound the iron bars that screened the front of another of those underground cells were lifted from above. A moment's delay and then a tawny muzzle, topped with a thick, black mane, was thrust through the opening. Another moment, and a great lion, his shaggy yellow hide plentifully shaded with black, sprung, with a roar of relief at this sudden freedom, out toward the centre of the ring. The rattling rise of another and yet another cage door succeeded, and from their respective dens another and yet another lion followed the leader. Bar-Asha was to have no lack of work.

The great cats lay, for a while, crouched listlessly upon the sand. Their eyes roamed about the circus, curious, wondering. They seemed in no haste to do more than crouch and investigate their surroundings.

The watchers grew impatient. "Ho! in the ring there; stir them up!" came the cry from the benches. But Bar-Asha, his eyes on the lions, still stood with folded arms, immovable as a statue.

The shout roused the tawny brutes. Two of them rose and stealthily made the circuit of the amphitheatre, with lowered heads. Then one, wheeling quickly about, as if to reverse the circuit, came sharply against his fellow. There was an angry snarl, a deep growl, a double roar, and in an instant the two great beasts, rivals perhaps in days of freedom on African sands, grappled in deadly struggle.

Awakened by this familiar sound of battle, the third lion—he who had first sprung from the cages—looked about for an antagonist. He

spied Bar-Asha still standing upright and immovable. With a dull, purring growl he crawled toward that upright figure, and crouched for the death-dealing spring. There is a movement in the statue. The folded arms draw quickly apart. The shawl, stripped from the arm, is held loosely in the hand.

The tawny head draws slowly back. The tension of the legs is increased. Then—there is a flash of yellow in the air and the great brute launches itself straight at Bar-Asha's head.

The man's lithe, graceful figure springs aside as the lion cleaves the air. It springs aside, but hardly out of range. One blackly-shaded paw strikes as the watcher jumps, and down upon the sand sprawls the young Jew. So; the lion turns about. "Quick, Jew, or he is on you! Ha, a nimble fellow; see, he is up, he is off;" and with bleeding shoulder, but calm and defiant still, he awaits the second attack.

Again the lion crouches; again it launches itself in air; again the quick young athlete springs aside. Here is no second fall. The wary eye watches every motion, the strong but supple hands grasp the scarf-like net and hold it far to the right; then, as the lion touches the ground, the scarf, with a dexterous fling, is thrown about the great head and in an instant the whole forepart of the beast is all enveloped in the encircling net.

Struggling, tearing, raging to free himself from this unexpected encumbrance, the lion for an instant seems to forget its human foe and endeavors only to relieve itself of the all-entangling net. It is Bar-Asha's opportunity. With a spring he is at the side of this tossing, tumbling brute. Quick of stroke and sure of aim he buries the sharp-bladed *spatha* deep in the lion's body. Again the thrust is sped. With a roar of mingled rage and pain the lion frees its head from the distracting net and snaps savagely at its foe. And now—"Ye gods! but he is a cool fellow!" Bar-Asha drives his short sword twice again into the very vitals of the beast. There is one broken roar, a last convulsive twitch, a final attempt to spring, and then, the lion rolls over and, lies dead.

Meanwhile the other fight has sped with equal advantage. Neither rival is the victor. Both are spent and torn. And even as they roll apart, seeking respite for a second duel to the death, Bar-Asha, unmindful of the tumult that fills the crowded tiers, where men and women shout in excitement over this double fight, crosses swiftly to the battle-spent lions who are not even aware of his presence, so intent are they upon their own great quarrel. Intrepid, wary, quick, and all alert, Bar-Asha falls first upon one of the duellists and then upon the other. Each

shaggy neck feels the death-thrust of that merciless steel, and almost before the excited watchers appreciate his act Bar-Asha stands triumphant—victor over three African lions!

Shout upon shout ran through the crowded circus, and soon, above the cheers, could be distinguished the cry, "Pardon, pardon for the Jew! Life for the victor! No galleys, no galleys! Pardon for the son of Simon!"

The *editor* of the games sprang into the ring. No need to fear the lions now. Only their victor lives. The *editor* threw a laurel wreath upon Bar Asha's curly hair. "Brave fellow!" he cried, even his circus-sated nature roused to enthusiasm. "The like I never saw. Yonder is the noble tetrarch. Down on your knees and sue for pardon and for mercy."

With outstretched hands Bar-Asha turned toward the royal box. And Philip, the tetrarch, gentler and more merciful than his brothers of the Herod blood, himself full of delight over his triple triumph, cried: "Well and bravely fought, O Jew! Go free. I take it on myself to set you right with Rome."

But, even as the victor in the contest turned to leave the scene of his marvellous success—a free man once more—the sound of clattering hoofs was heard without, and through the entrance-way, straight into the arena, galloped a Roman spearman.

"Hold! No freedom for an assassin! Tetrarch, I claim a prisoner. Here is a trick. Here is not the Bar-Simon you did condemn to death. This is Bar-Asha of Nain. He has foully murdered in his own house at Capernaum, the Centurion Vettius!"

Into every man's life come moments of crisis when, for good or ill, fate must be boldly faced and the future hazarded upon a single act. Such a moment had come to Cheliel Bar-Asha. Victor in a crowded and applauding circus, he must now play the craven or strike for liberty.

"Back, Roman! The tetrarch has given me my life. I hold him to his pledge."

"Fool! Rome's vengeance doth outweigh a tetrarch's pledges. You killed a soldier of the Emperor. Your life is forfeit. Yield yourself prisoner, or die even where you stand."

Bar-Asha brandished aloft his victorious sword, still red with the blood of the slaughtered lions.

"Who touches hand to me, dies like these beasts that I have slain! Beware! Stand off, or follow your captain down to hell!"

"Ho, base Jew; work you in such guise! Hollo, my soldiers!" the

spearman called to those who followed him. "Close in; charge home! Strike down this dog of an assassin!"

"Rescue!" Bar-Asha cried, raising his hands in appeal to the crowded tiers where still the people sat, full of excitement and with growing interest in this unexpected addition to the day's programme of sport. "Rescue for him whom the tetrarch has pardoned!"

The soldier sprang from his horse. The little detail of spearmen who accompanied him charged through the entrance-way. The people rose to their feet in a tumult of protest and of cheers. But even as Bar-Asha, bracing himself for the assault, defiantly stood at bay, over the low parapet that capped the inner ring, there leaped, here and there, in various parts of the amphitheatre, certain swarthy men of the hills—a good score at least—and as they sprang into the arena they drew from beneath their cloaks the gleaming daggers of the knifemen.

They surrounded the victor of the day. "Rescue for Bar-Asha! Rescue for the hero of Gamala! Death to Rome!"

"Treason! treason! rally for Rome!" the soldiers cried. But all too late. The deadly weapons of the rescuers flashed in air. Down fell the spearman, dead, beneath those fatal knives. Down, too, fell many soldiers of the Roman band, surprised and overpowered by that unlooked-for attack. The whole circus was in an uproar.

"Live!" the knifemen cried: "Juda Bar-Simon sends you life for life!" And raising Bar-Asha in their arms, they dashed with him away before the scattered guard of the tetrarch had time to rally to the aid of Rome.

"THE SILVER TEAPOT."

Four children sat around a wood-fire in an old-fashioned country house. The red embers blazed up merrily and showed four flushed little faces, four very tangled heads of hair, eight bright, merry eyes, and —I regret extremely to add—eight very dirty little hands, belonging, respectively, to Bess, Bob, Archie and Tom. Mamma was away you may be sure. If she were at home the children would have made a very different appearance.

The round table was wheeled in front of the fire and the student-lamp shed its light on Tom's letter which he was writing to his mother.

Archie was leaning back in the large chair; his arm, which he had broken in riding the trick-mule of the circus the day before, was in a splint, but, judging from the rapid disappearance of the gingerbread on the plate near him, it is to be doubted if trick-mules or broken arms seriously impair the appetite.

"Bess, stop jogging the table! How on earth can a fellow write with you around?"

"Read what you've written," said Bess.

"Yes, do," chimed in Archie.

"Wait till it's done," answered Tom. Writing a letter was no joke for Thomas Bradley, junior.

"How on earth do you spell *circus?*"

"S-u-r-k-e-s-s," answered Bess promptly.

"No you don't," cried Tom, "I know better."

"If you know so much, why do you ask," retorted Bess.

"Oh, come Bess! do think, can't you?"

"There's a *c* in it," put in Archie; "for I saw the big red and blue posters in the village and I know there was a *c* in circus."

"Then it's c-i-r-k-i-s," said Bess.

"Yes; I guess that's right. No, I don't believe it is right. See here, Bob! you're a first-rate little boy—a real, regular first-rate good boy, you are."

"If it's upstairs, I won't," declared Bob, who knew that flattery always preceded errands.

"Oh, yes, Bobby! You know where my dictionary is, up in my room, on the table. Run along and get it,—that's a good boy."

"Go yourself!"

"Oh, I'm so tired. Come, Bob, I'll tell mamma what a good boy you are, if you will."

"Won't you tell her I dropped the teapot down the well?"

"Oh, did you?" cried Tom, Bess and Archie, all in a breath.

"Which one?"

"The big silver one," said Bob.

"How? Why? What were you doing with it?"

"The gardner wouldn't lend me the watering-pot, and I wanted to water my garden. I went to fill it at the well, and the bucket hit it right over into the well. It was the bucket's fault. I ain't to blame. If you won't tell mamma, I'll go for your book."

"Well, I won't tell her in this letter, any way."

"Don't tell her at all."

"If you don't go right off and get it, I'll write it this moment."

"I'll go, I'll go!" cried Bobby.

"That's the worst scrape yet. If Archie did break his arm, he's got it mended now; but the teapot! That's dropped down the well, and there it is."

After a while Tom's letter was finished, and ran as follows:

"Dear Mamma: I wish you was home. We have dun a good menny bad things. Bess got lost in the woods, and most drowned in Rainy Pond. I shot Kate thru the head with a squirt of water, and most killed her. Archie broke his arm trying to wride the trick-mule at the curkis. Bob has dun worst of all, but I said I wouldn't tel that. Bob has dun a dredful thing; but I sed I woodn't tel, so I won't. It's orful. Papa is very good to us, and don't make us wash too much. The bred is orful; Maggy is cross. But we're all well, except Archy's arm, and Dr. Jarvis says if he don't get fever he will get well.

"Your loving son,

"Tom."

"P. S. You will feel orful bad about what Bob's dun."

The next morning all four children were gathered around the well, at the bottom of which lay the silver teapot.

"I see it, I see it!" cried Tom, eagerly. "It's down at the bottom."

"Did you suppose it would float?" said Bess.

"Let me see," cried Bob.

Meanwhile Bess had gone to the house for a long fishing-pole, and soon returned, carrying it.

"We'll fasten a hook to the end of it and fish the teapot up," said she.

"Ho, ho! Do you suppose it will bite like a fish?" laughed Tom.

"No, I do not, Tom Bradley. But I suppose if I tie a string to the pole, and fasten an iron hook to one end, we can draw it up."

"There's something in that, Bess. Let me try."

Before half an hour had passed, the four children, all armed with fishing-poles, were intently digging their elbows into each other's sides, in their frantic attempts to get the teapot.

Every few minutes Tom would pull Bess back by her sunbonnet, and save her from tumbling over in her eagerness.

"Stop jerking my head so!" she cried.

"You'll be in, in a minute; you'd have been in then, if I hadn't jerked you," said Tom.

"Well, what if I had? Let me alone. If I go in, that's my own lookout."

"Your own look in, you mean. My gracious! Wouldn't you astonish the toads down there! But you'd get your face clean."

"Now, Tom, you let me be. I most had it that time."

"So you've said forty times. This is all humbug. I'm going down on the rope for it."

"Oh, no, Tom; please don't. Indeed you'll be drowned; the rope will break; you'll kill yourself; you'll catch cold," cried Bess, in alarm.

"Pooh! girl! coward!" retorted thankless Tom. "Who's afraid of that? Stand back, small boys, I'm going in."

"It will be so cold."

"I'll scream for a hundred years, without stopping, Tom," cried Bess, wildly. "You shan't go down—you shan't; I'll call some one. Murray! Peter! Maggie! C-o-o-o-o-o-o-me! O-o-o-o-h, c-o-o-ome!"

"Stop screaming and help. Now, do you three hold on tight to this bucket; don't let go for a moment; pull away as hard as you can when I tell you to. Now for it."

And, without more ado, Tom clung to the other rope with his hands, and twisted his feet around the bucket-handle.

"Hold on tight, and let me down easy," said Tom; and the three children lowered him little by little.

A sudden splash and shiver told them he had reached water, and a shout of triumph declared that the teapot was rescued.

As Tom shouted, all the children let go the rope and rushed to the side of the well to look at the victorious hero.

It was a most fortunate circumstance that the water in the well was low. As it was, he stood in the cold water up so his shoulders.

"What made you let go?" roared Tom.

"Oh, Tom, have you got it? Have you, really? Ain't it cold? Are you hurt? Were you scared? Is the teapot broken?"

"Draw me up! Why don't you draw me up?"

But all the united efforts could not raise Tom.

"I'll run next door and call Mr. Wilson," said Bess, hopefully, and started.

As Bess ran, she was suddenly stopped at the gate by the sight of a carriage which had just driven up, and out of which now stepped Aunt Maria and Aunt Maria's husband, Uncle Daniel. These were the very grimmest and grandest of all the relations.

For one awful moment Bess stood stunned. Then her anxiety for Tom overcame every other consideration, and before Aunt Maria could say, "How do you do, Elizabeth?" she had caught her uncle by his august coat-tail, and, in a piteous voice, besought him to come and pull on the rope.

"Pull on a rope, Elizabeth?" said Uncle Daniel, who was a very slow man; "why should I pull on a rope, my dear?"

"Oh, come quick! hurry faster! Tom's down in the well!"

"Tom down in a well! How did he get there?"

"He went down for the teapot," sobbed Bess; "the silver teapot, and we can't pull him up again. Oh, do hurry!"

Uncle Daniel leisurely looked down at Tom. Then he slowly took off his coat, took hold of the rope, gave a long, strong, calm pull, and in an instant Tom, "Dripping with coolness, arose from the well."

—ANON.

THE BOSTON VENDER'S CALL.

(Suggestive of the different calls heard upon the streets of Boston.)

WRITTEN FOR SARA LORD BAILEY.

One summer's day when all was still
I rested at my window sill:
The busy town along the bay
In pearly mists and vapors lay.

Now as I mused on times agone,
I heard a voice that floated on
The balmy air, in tones so sweet
I thought that e'en upon the street
The calls of him who vends his wares
The music of his soul declares.
The cadence rose and fell betimes
As if 'twas caught from distant chimes;
"Images, images, buy images."

Then to my listening ear was borne,
Like battle trumpets signal tone,
The vigorous, celtic voice of him,
Old Ireland's son with Irish vim.
"Charcoal, charcoal, charcoal."
Italia's dreamy notes again
Receding from the vender came,
And joined the voice of charcoal man,
Which came as from a shouting clan.
Though far away Italia's cry,
The charcoal vender's call was nigh.
"Charcoal—images,—charcoal—images."

Off on the water's placid breast,
I heard the sailors join with zest,
And o'er the bay there rose and fell
As if upon the ocean's swell,
It floated like a sea-born thing
That sped it's course with fluttering wing,
The song of the gallant sailor boy.
"Now heave ahoy, and heave ahoy."

Upon my ear unwarned smote
A fisher's horn with blatant note,
And then a cry, both loud and shrill.
"Fresh mackerel, fresh mackerel."
The little boys with laughter still
Piped mocking forth, "Fresh mackerel."

Then answered he a housewife's voice,
Who asked if they were very choice.
"Oh, yes, marm, or I'll be foresworn."
"Aye," cried a rival "in a horn,"
Who approached and dealt out fish
To all who proffered pan or dish.
The fisher blew his horn aloud,
To drown the laughter of the crowd.
As off he drove, the rival still
Announced in verse, "Fresh mackerel!
Here's your nice fresh mackerel.
Three for a quarter,
One for yourself, one for your wife,
One for your daughter."

Now every sound that forms a part
Of vender's call, or vender's art.
Came madly forth repose to rend
In shout or song, "Wash tubs to mend!
To mend, to mend, to mend."
"Matches, matches, matches."
"Old rags, boots and bottles."
"O lob, buy lob; O lob, buy lob."

"Here's the Journal, Herald, Globe and Post,
Evening Traveler, Transcript, Times.
Have Herald. Have Herald, Sir?
All about the murder!"

Hark to the clang and solemn knells,
The warning note of deep-toned bells!
Bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells.
And with the clang from lofty spire,
Are mingled cries of "Fire! fire! fire!"
Along the street with rush and rattle,
Like troops and cannon on to battle,
Bold firemen with their engines speed;
Impetuous urge the foaming steed.

Ah, would the muses could inspire
My verse with charm of Orpheus' Lyre,
That I these brave men's deeds might sing,
Who to the fiery altars bring
Their hopes, their lives, at duty's call,
And threatening flames that oft appall.
The foremost hearts they bold defy,
With strength imparted from on high.
They go to conquer, while there swells
The signal note of 'larum bells.
Bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells.

The scene is changed to peaceful rest,
And quiet soothes my troubled breast.
The mellow notes of music rise,
And mingle with the zephyr's sighs,
As once again, my ear to please,
Italia's son calls, "Images,
Images, images, buy images."

HOW THE LADIES USUALLY FISH.

There are generally three or four of them in a bunch with light dresses on. They have two or three poles with as many hooks and lines among them.

When they get to the edge of the bank they look around for a good place to get down, and the most venturesome one sticks her boot-heels in the bank and takes two careful steps down, and then suddenly finds herself at the bottom with arms in the water, and a feeling as though everybody in the wide world was looking at her and she never tells anybody how she got there.

The other girls, profiting by her example, turn around and go down the bank on their hands and toes backwards. When they arrive at the bottom they scamper along until they come to a good shallow place where they can see the fish and they shout :— " Oh ! my, I see one ! "

" Where ? " " There ! "

" Oh ! my, so it is." " Let's catch him." " Who's got the bait ? "

" Why, you lazy thing, you're sitting on my pole."

All these exclamations are gotten off in a tone that awakens every echo within a half-mile and sends every fish within a square acre into " galloping hysterics."

By superhuman exertions the girls manage to get a *worm* on the hook, and then they throw it in with a splash like the launching of a wash-tub. When a silver fin comes along and nibbles at the bait, they pull it up with a jerk that had an unfortunate fish weighing less than ten pounds been on the pole it would have been landed eight or ten miles away.

Finally, a simple-minded fish contrives to get itself fastened on the hook of a timid woman who gives vent to her tongue.

" Oh, something's got my hook ! "

" Pull up, pull up, you little idiot," shout three or four voices as poles are dropped, and they all rush to the rescue.

The girl with the bite gives a spasmodic jerk that sends that fish into the air the full length of twenty-five feet of line, and it comes down on the nearest curly-head with a damp flop, that sets her to clawing as though " bumble bees " were in her hair.

" Oh, murder ! take it away, Oh, the nasty thing ! "

Then the girls pick up their skirts and gather around that fish as he skips over the stones, one all the time holding the line with both hands, her foot on the pole as though she had an evil disposed *goat* at the other end.

" Pick it up," says a girl who backs rapidly out of the circle.

" Good gracious, I'm afraid of it ! There, see, it's opening it's mouth at me ! "

Then the fish manages to free himself from the hook and disappears in the water, and the girls try for another bite.

But the sun comes down and fires the backs of their necks, and they get two or three headaches in the party, and they all get cross and scold like so many magpies. Finally, they get mad all over, and throw away their poles. Then they hunt up their lunch-baskets, and climb up into the woods, where they sit around on the grass and caterpillars, and eat enough dried beef and hard boiled eggs to give any animal the nightmare.

Then they compare notes about their different gentlemen, till sundown, when they go home and plant envy in the hearts of all their friends, by telling them " just what a splendid time they have had."

—ANON.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

BY OUIDA.

ARRANGED BY SARA LORD BAILEY.

(By permission of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.)

INTRODUCTION.

Cigarette was a vivandiere in the Army of Africa. She was pretty, she was mischievous, she could fire galloping. She was a true child of Paris and yet she was not wholly unsexed, for she had the delicious fragrance of youth and a certain feminine grace, although she had been born in a barrack and meant to die in a battle. She was the pet of the Army of Africa, and the soldiers had been her books, her teachers, her models, all the days of her life. She had no guiding star except the eagles on the standards, and she worshipped but two deities,—Glory and France.

She had never loved anybody, until her wild generous heart turned toward a strange Chasseur, who was known in the regiment as Louis Victor.

He was a silent man, of mien and manners which bespoke nobility of race and character, who always treated her with gentle courtesy, but seemed to forget her existence when she passed from his sight. He was a splendid soldier, and would have held some distinguished rank, but for the tyrannical hatred of his colonel, known as the "Black Hawk," who missed no opportunity of insulting and worrying the man who could not even reply.

At last the cruelty and malignity of the "Black Hawk" reached such a pitch that Louis Victor, meeting him alone as man to man, struck him, and thus brought upon himself the inevitable military sentence of death.

The day before the execution, which was to take place at the next dawn, was well advanced when a swift pigeon brought Cigarette news of his impending fate. And the sun was already declined from his noon

when she rode out of Algiers, to seek the headquarters of the Marshal o f France and Viceroy of Africa, fifty miles away.

* * * * * * * * *

The horse was reeking with smoke and foam, and the blood was coursing from his flanks, as she reached her destination at last, and threw herself off his saddle as he sank faint and quivering to the ground. The soldiers clustered eagerly around her beneath the gates, and over the fallen beast, a thousand questions pouring from their curious tongues.

Cigarette looked at them a moment, then loosened her Cross of the Legion of Honor, and held it out to an adjutant.

"Take that to the man who gave it me. Tell him Cigarette waits; and with each moment that she waits a soldier's life is lost. Go!"

A few minutes and she was summoned to the marshal's presence. The marshal turned to her with a smile in his keen, stern eyes.

"You, my girl! What brings you here?" He started as he saw the change upon her features.

"Monseigneur, I have come from Algiers since noon—"

"From Algiers!"

"Since noon, to rescue a life—the life of a great soldier, of a guiltless man. He who saved the honor of France at Zaraila is to die the death of a mutineer at dawn."

"What!—your Chasseur?"

"Mine!—since he is a soldier of France; yours, too, by that title. I am come here from Algiers, to speak the truth in his name, and to save him for his own honor and the honor of my Empire. See here! At noon, I have this paper, sent by a swift pigeon—read it! You see how he is to die, and why. Well, by my Cross, by my Flag, by my France, I swear that not a hair of his head shall be touched, not a drop of his blood shall be shed!"

"You speak madly. The offense merits the chastisement. I shall not attempt to interfere."

"Hear me, at least! You do not know what this man is—how he has had to endure; I do. I have watched him; I have seen the brutal tyranny of his chief, who hated him because the soldiers loved him. I have seen him so tried, that I told him—I, who love my army better than any living thing under the sun—that I would forgive him if he forgot duty and dealt with his tyrant as man to man."

"It is useless to argue with me, I never change a sentence."

"But I say that you *shall!* You are a great chief; you are as a

monarch here; you hold the gifts and the grandeur of the Empire; but because of that—because you are as France in my eyes—I swear, by the name of France, that you shall see justice done to him; after death, if you cannot in life. Do you know who he is—this man whom his comrades will shoot down at sunrise?"

"He is a rebellious soldier; it is sufficient."

"He is not! He is a man who vindicated a woman's honor; he is a hero who has never been greater than he will be great in his last hour. Read that! What you refuse to justice, courage, and guiltlessness, you will grant, may be, to your Order."

The marshal glanced his eye on the pages carelessly and coldly. As he saw the words he started, and read on with wondering eagerness.

"I hereby affirm that the person serving in the Chasseurs d'Afrique under the name of Louis Victor is my elder brother, Bertie Cecil, lawfully, by inheritance, the Viscount Royallieu, Peer of England. I hereby also acknowledge that I have succeeded to and borne the title illegally, under the supposition of his death.

"(Signed) BERKELEY CECIL."

"How came this in your hands?"

"Thus: the day that you gave me the cross, I saw the Princess Carona. From her I learned that he whom we call Louis Victor was of her rank, was of old friendship with her house, was exiled and nameless, but for some reason unknown to her. She needed to see him; to bid him farewell, so she said. I sent him to her. He went to her tent; alone, at night; that was, of course, whence he came when the colonel met him. I doubt not the "Black Hawk" had some foul thing to hint of his visit, and that the blow was struck for her—for her! Well, in the streets of Algiers I saw a man with a face like his own; different, but the same race, look you. I spoke to him. I taxed him. When he found that he of whom I spoke was under sentence of death, he grew mad; he cried out that he was his brother, and had murdered him—that it was for his sake that the cruelty of this exile had been borne. Then I bade him write down that paper, since these English names were unknown to me, and I brought it hither to you that you might see under his hand and with your own eyes that I have uttered the truth. And now is that man to be shot down like a mad beast whom you fear? Is that death the reward France will give for Zaraila?"

The marshal swung around with a rapid sign to a staff officer.

"Pens and ink! instantly! My brave child, what can we say to you? I will send an aid to arrest the execution of the sentence. It

must be deferred till we know the whole truth of this; if it be as it looks now, he shall be saved if the Empire can save him!"

He turned and wrote his hurried order. Cigarette caught it from his hand. "To me! to me! no other will go so fast! Ah! I wish I had let them tell me of God, that I might ask Him now to bless you! Quick, quick! Lend me your swiftest horse, one that will not tire. And send a second order by your aid; the Arabs may kill me as I go, and then they will not know!"

He stooped and touched her little brown, feverish hand with reverence.

"My child, Africa has shown me much heroism, but none like yours. If you fall, *he* shall be safe, and France will know how to avenge its darling's loss."

"Ah, France! France!"

Then, vaulting into the saddle, she rode once more at full speed, out into the pitiless blaze of the sun, out to the wasted desolation of the plains. And she rode at full speed through the night, as she had done through the day, her eyes glancing all around in the keen instinct of a trooper, her hand always on the butt of her belt pistol. For she knew well what the danger was of these lonely, unguarded, untraveled leagues. Hour on hour, league on league, passed away. She felt the animal quiver under the spur; she did not spare herself; she was giving her life.

At last her gaze, straining through the darkness, caught sight in the distance of some yet darker thing, moving rapidly—a large cloud skimming the earth, and recognized "A band of Arabs."

She looked at their advancing band one moment, then turned her horse's head and rode straight toward them.

"They will kill me, but they may save him. Any other way he is lost."

So she rode directly toward them; rode so that she crossed their front, and placed herself in their path. They gave the shrill wild war-shout of their tribe, and the whole mass of gaunt, dark, mounted figures, with their weapons whirling round their heads, inclosed her.

"I surrender. I have heard that you have sworn by your God and your Prophet to tear me limb from limb because that I—a child, and a woman-child—brought you to shame and to grief on the field of Zaraila. Well, I am here; do it. But you are bold men, and the bold are never mean; therefore I will ask one thing of you. There is a man yonder, in my camp, condemned to death with the dawn. He is innocent. I have ridden from Algiers to-day with the order of his release. If it is not there

by sunrise he will be shot; and he is guiltless as a child unborn. My horse is worn out; he could not go another half league. Take the paper that frees him; send your fleetest and surest with it, under a flag of truce into our camp; let him tell them that I, Cigarette, gave it him—he must say no word of what you have done to me, or his white flag will not protect him from the vengeance of my army. Answer me! Is the compact fair? Ride on with this paper southward, and then kill me with what torments you choose."

A silence fell o'er the clamorous herd—the silence of respect and of amaze. The young chief listened gravely.

"Who is this Frank for whom you do this thing?"

"He is the warrior to whom you offered life on the field of Zaraila because his courage was as the courage of the gods."

"And for what does he perish?"

"Because he forgot for once that he was a slave; and because he has borne the burden of a guilt that was not his own. Cut me in ten thousand pieces with your swords, but save *him*, as you are brave men, as you are generous foes!"

"Maiden, we are Arabs, but we are not brutes. We swore to avenge ourselves on an enemy; we are not vile enough to accept a martyrdom. Take my horse—he is the swiftest of my troop—and go you on your errand; you are safe from me."

"Oh! do not play with me, for Pity's sake make haste and kill me so that this paper only may reach him."

The young chief lifted her up, up on the saddle of his charger. "Go in peace. It is not with such as thee that we war."

Then, and then only, as she felt the fresh reins placed in her hand, and saw the ruthless horde around her fall back and leave her free, did she understand his meaning, did she comprehend that he gave her back both liberty and life, and, with the surrender of the horse, the noblest and most precious gift that the Arab ever bestows or ever receives. The unutterable joy seemed to blind her, and gleam upon her face like the blazing light of noon, as she turned her burning eyes full on him.

"Ah! now I believe that thine Allah rules thee, equally with the Christian! If I live, thou shalt see me back ere another night; if I die, France will know how to thank thee."

Then, borne by the fleetness of the desert-bred beast, she went away through the heavy dullness of the night. Her brain had no sense, her hands had no feeling, her eyes had no sight; the rushing as of waters was loud on her ears, the giddiness of fasting and of fatigue sent the gloom

eddying round and round like a whirlpool of shadow, yet she had remembrance enough to strain her blind eyes toward the east and murmur, in her terror of that white dawn, that must soon break, the only prayer that had ever been uttered by the lips no mother's kiss had ever touched:

"*O God! keep the day back!*"

* * * * * * * *

There was a line of light in the eastern sky. The camp was very still. He stood tranquil beside the coffin within which his broken limb and shot-pierced corpse would so soon be laid forever. There was a deep sadness on his face, but it was perfectly serene. He raised his hand and gave the signal for his own death-shot.

The leveled carbines covered him; he stood erect with his face full toward the sun; ere they could fire, a shrill cry pierced the air:

"Wait! in the name of France."

Dismounted, breathless, with her arms flung upward, and her face bloodless with fear, Cigarette appeared upon the ridge of rising ground.

The cry of command peeled out upon the silence in the voice that the Army of Africa loved as the voice of their Little One. And the cry came too late; the volley was fired, the crash of sound thrilled across the words that bade them pause, the heavy smoke rolled out upon the air, the death that was doomed was dealt.

But beyond the smoke-cloud he staggered slightly, then stood erect, almost unharmed. The flash of fire was not so fleet as the swiftness of her love; and on his breast she threw herself, and flung her arms about him, and turned her head backward with her old dauntless sunlit smile as the balls pierced her bosom, and broke her limbs, and were turned away by that shield of warm young life from him.

He caught her up where she dropped to his feet.

"O God! my child! they have killed you."

"Hush! here is the Marshal's order. He suspends your sentence; you are safe!—do you hear?"

"Great Heaven! you have given your life for mine!"

"A life! what is it to give? France ——"

It was the last word upon her utterance. Her eyes met Cecil's in one fleeting upward glance of unutterable tenderness, then with her hands still stretched out westward to where her country was, and with dauntless heroism of her smile upon her face like light, she gave a tired sigh as of a child that sinks to sleep, and in the midst of her Army of Africa the Daughter of the Regiment lay dead.

A BEDTIME CLASSIC.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

(By permission of the Author.)

You may have told it over and over again, that wonderful story of "Jack the Giant Killer," it may have become stale, flat and unprofitable to you, but to your boy of 5 or 6 years it is new every morning and fresh every night. No sooner is he in his little white "nighty" than he says:

"Now, papa, tell me a 'tory."

"Oh, papa doesn't know any stories to-night."

"Yes, you do, papa; you know all about Jack!"

"But I've told you that story so many times, dear."

"Well, I like that 'tory, papa, I do, papa, I do."

"Supposing you tell me a story."

"Oh, I can't, papa. I ain't a big man, and I can't fink up any 'tories. Please tell me about Jack, please."

There is no help for it. You may be "tired to death," but "Jack" has to come. You may mentally resolve to make it as brief as possible, which, as you speedily discover, simply prolongs the tale.

"Well," you say, "Jack and his mother—"

"You didn't say, 'once upon a time,' papa."

"O well, once upon a time a boy named Jack and his mother lived in the woods, and—"

"You didn't say, 'in a little old house,' papa. Say that, too."

"Well, in a little old house, and they were very poor, O very poor, and—"

"And Jack didn't have any papa."

"I was going to say that."

"I was 'fraid maybe you'd forget it."

"No, I wouldn't, and they had hardly anything to eat and nothing but ragged old things to wear, and one day Jack's mother said—"

"You didn't say that Jack didn't have any papa."

"Well, you said it."

"You said you were going to say it, too, and you didn't say it, and it b'longs in the 'tory."

"Oh, well, Jack didn't have any father, and one day—"

"Nor no little brothers or sisters?"

"No; and one day his mother said, 'Jack, we will have to sell the cow,' and Jack said 'All right, mother,' and—"

"Oh, papa, you're not telling the story good at all. You're skippin', so you are."

"What have I skipped?"

"Oh, about how bad they felt about selling the cow, and about the cow being a real cow, and about her milk and about lots of things. Now tell it right, papa."

"If you know it so well, why can't you tell it to me?"

"Oh, I'm 'fraid I might skip some. Anyhow, little boys can't tell stories. Now tell about Jack going out to sell the cow and about the men he met and what they said, and about the beans and—now go on, papa, and don't skip."

You sigh and yawn wearily and go on with the weary tale, which gets near the climax when you come to the "Fee, foe, fi, fum" part, and if this is told with any lack of spirit the boy reminds you of the omission by saying that:

"You must growl, papa, and say it dreadful."

"Oh, well, the giant said:

"'Fee, foe, fi, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.'"

And then you go on and on relentlessly, and when the weary tale is done it almost paralyzes you to have the boy say pleadingly:

"Now, papa, tell it all over again."

MRS. SNIFFINS' ADVENTURE WITH A DRAMATIC ELOCUTIONIST.

It is perfectly impossible to get a bit o' peace or quietness in Mrs. Arassall's boarding house with the incessant screeching o' that terrible Amanda Larkins, as seems to think herself the supreme Madonna o' the country, but I don't wonder she complains o' sore throat, such screaming must be very aggravatin' to the vocal corns and cartridges. As to her boasting about running up to E flat, which is no connection with singin' in my opinion, I remarked in my most hysterical manner, that though not in right weight now, when I was her age I could run up to any number of flats and wouldn't a' thought I had no call to boast on it either, and she, that impertinent, burst out with 'er silly giggle right in my face. But I must say she was pretty nimble the other evening when it happened and all through the slip of my tongue. I had just fallen asleep on the sofa when suddenly I was awakened by hearing a man's voice shouting in the most voracious manner—

> Awake ! awake !
> Ring the alarm-bell ! Murder, and treason !
> Banquo, and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !
> Shake off this downy sleep—death's counterfeit,
> And look on death itself ! Up ! up ! and see
> The great doom's image ! Malcolm ! Banquo !
> As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites
> To countenance this horror !

And ; I feeling that dazed like, I hardly knew what I was doing—jumped up, threw open the window, and rings the dinner bell vociferously shouting at the same time, fire ! fire ! fire ! till I hadn't a whiff o' breath left.

Well, such a promotion as there was—with people rushing in and draggin' about the furniture and throwing buckets o' water all over Mrs. Arassall's carpets and to climax it, participatin' all of the prima-donna's 4 o'clock china tea set right out of the window—though it wasn't much loss in my opinion, for it was about as full of cracks as her own voice is—just then when the agitation was at its height down comes a young man as had

arrived the previous evening and asks "what in the world there was such a row about as there was no fire—only I'm a practising—I'm a dramatic elocutionist." With that they all seemed perfectly satisfied and quietly aspersed. But in my opinion this was no sort of an explanation, as I don't care to be living in the house with a dramatic elocutionist, though I must say he looked more like a rumatic lunatic, with his long black hair parted in the middle and a wild rolling fire in his eye. Well, I makes up my mind to watch him, and the very next morning, just when I was a reading a letter from John Caesor (I'd better explain that John Caesor is my boy and is at school—Oxford—and quite a classical scholar) I had my heart nearly analyzed by hearing these words spoken in sepultural tone,—

"My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him."

And looking up, I saw that rumatic lunatic wriggling and twisting himself into all sorts of haptitudes and his eye—as the poet says "with a wild influenzy rollin"—while he goes on saying:

"Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchéd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature."

Up to that time I had stood as if prefixed to the spot—but now I suddenly remembered that lunatics could be held with a steady glare of the eye—so I fastens my troptics on him—at the same time superstitiously stealing round the room in the direction of the coal grate, with the intention of seizing the tongs—'till then he hadn't observed me, but now says, pointing his long fingers at me—

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That darest, though grim and terrible advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass."

Says I, feeling my nervous system fortified by a pair of tongs with a live coal in the end of them, "I'm no more of an execrable shape than you are"—with that he screams out, "The woman's mad! mad, mad, ha ha ha mad!" and seizing the piano-stool, dodges round the room as if he had got hold of a galvanic battlement.

Of course I didn't mean to hurt him, only to hold him at bay, till help arrived; but just at that moment, my foot tripped over a patch in the carpet and the tongs went flying through the air, just lighting on that lunatic's head and bringing him down with a crash, nearly vitrified me on

the spot—and by the time I had regained equilibrium, that coal had begun to make a regular consternation in his shirt front. Of course I didn't want him to burn up, and he a lying there as frigid and helpless as one of the high art statutes so I seized a large antiquarian as was standing in the bay window, and pours the contents over him. I soon distinguished the flames in his shirt front, but it did go to my heart to see the goldfish and lizards and all the other reptiles jumping about so uncomfortable through not being in their native element.

By that time they had collected a croud, and they picks him up, lays him on the sofa, saying as how I had murdered a harmless young gentleman, as was only practising "Macbeth" to recite in the evening at the church sociable. "Well," says I, paragorically speaking, "I've spread a sheltering wing over that church sociable."

But it did frighten me some seeing him lying there, looking very murdered, dead white and a large cut in his forehead—so I left them picking up the goldfish and lizards out of his hair and whiskers, and goes to the kitchen to make him a poultice. When I returned, I finds him beginning to come to, then he sits up and in a weak voice says—

"Is that a dagger which I see before me
The handle toward my hand?"

"No," says I, "its a poultice of soap and sugar—some say sweet oil is better, but in my opinion, soap and sugar is more drawing"—

"Then," says he, having the ruling passion strong in death,

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it—
Give me my staff"—

But they paid no heed to his demonstrance, but poulticed and bandaged him up till he looked like a becalmed mummy.

But I must say he's a real good-hearted young fellow, that evening when I was sitting by him bathing his damaged brow, and explaining how it happened, so that I might extripate the label on my character, he laughed heartily and said I had a fine opinion of a dramatic elocutionist.

A MATRIMONIAL VENTURE.

BY GERTRUDE POTTER DANIELS.

(Printed by permission of Four O'Clock, Publishers.)

Salina Gray had reached a point in her life where she felt that single blessedness was a mistake. She had come to the age when the hair grew thin on the top of her head. In fact, all the hair she had was drawn into the two side curls that hung shaking over her ears.

Salina was neither tall nor short. She prided herself on her figure, which was the only remnant of past attractiveness, for Salina in her youth had been extremely pretty.

Salina was well off. She owned the house in which she lived, besides a large tract of land, all under cultivation. But Salina was worried and unhappy. She was fighting a losing battle with that fiend "Temptation," which had entered her pretty white cottage, in the shape of the advertisement of a matrimonial bureau.

The aims of this bureau were set forth in alluring words. It told of uniting handsome, rich, dashing men to charming, clinging, lonely maids. It contained written testimonials from happy couples, and gave pictures of attractive homes, resulting from the matches which the bureau had made. All marriages were guaranteed to turn out well. All that was necessary to become one of their clients was a photograph and one dollar. No further payment being required, unless all parties concerned were suited. And Salina fell.

The dollar was easy. The photograph was not. She looked at herself in her tiny mirror, and sighed. She could not get away from those unmistakable signs of age. Her face was wrinkled; her eyes had grown smaller; her hair could not be mentioned in the book of heaven, for it was not worth the numbering. So, with a sigh, she turned from the glass. and her eye fell on a plush-framed picture which stood upon the what-not, She took that picture of herself, as she had been twenty years before, and, with a long letter and a crisp, new, dollar bill, enclosed it in an envelope. After dropping the envelope into the box at the post office, Salina had a chill. She filled the vinegar jug with hot water, made a scalding cup of

tea, and went to bed. For the next month she was not herself. She shivered constantly, started at every step she heard, and was cross, nervous and wretched. Old Mrs. Jenkins told the sewing circle, that she was sure "Miss Gray was comin' down with a spell of chills and fever."

It was just four weeks, to the day, when a long square package arrived for Salina Gray. She retired to her own room, locked the door, and closed the blinds. Then she lighted her lamp, and undid the string that bound the precious bit of cardboard. Her fingers trembled, and she breathed spasmodically. When the paper was finally removed, she gave a little cry. The photograph upon which she gazed was that of a young man dressed in the lavish loudness of city fashion. Handsome, with a mustached beauty which stunned the prim old maid. Her heart gave a bound; her eyes grew dim; and it was an hour before she had composed herself sufficiently to read the agency's message of explanation. This letter was type written, and extended over several large sheets of paper. It began by saying that the original of the photograph would have the honor of paying his respects to Salina at her home on the day of the seventeenth. If he met with her approval, and everything was satisfactory, she could then forward to the bureau the small sum of twenty dollars, as final payment. They expatiated on the trivial amount of their charge for thus arranging a happy marriage and a cheerful home, but explained: "We are not in the business for money, but because of the good we can do in lightening the burdens of just such forlorn, lonely creatures as you confided that you are. To produce such results is ample remuneration for all our labors."

Salina was conscious of only one thing during the reading of the letter, and that was that, this being the sixteenth, "The Original," as she termed him, was due the next morning. She swept, scrubbed and dusted. She spread all her tidies over the horse-hair furniture in the parlor; got out ancient bits of bric-a-brac and stood them around awkwardly. She brushed and sponged her best gray dress, and re-combed and curled the top piece of hair which was larger than a "front," yet smaller than an entire wig.

The morning of the seventeenth, she arose before dawn. The night had been sleepless though not altogether disagreeable. She ate no breakfast, but drank three cups of hot, strong tea. The minutes were hours. Noon came; still no "Original." Salina made more tea, and as she stood drinking it—she was too "upset" to sit down—she heard the gate rattle. Her cup dropped from nerveless fingers and smashed into bits.

A knock came at the front door. She stood motionless; another fierce pound, and she felt that her doom was sealed. She lifted one foot heavily, then the other, and so, dragged herself to the door.

It was he. The same diamond sparkled on his expansive shirt front. He took off his hat with a full sweep, and said with a strong element of brazenness:

"I am here by appointment, and I wish to communicate with Miss Gray." Salina swallowed hard. Her eyes fell, and in a voice that quivered, she said: "I am Miss Gray."

"You Miss Gray? Who's this, then?"

"The photograph and I are one and the same, but—that—was taken some time ago." Then she began to retreat into the house. She did not like his looks.

The man was enraged. He had been taken in, and he intended to teach this woman a lesson which would protect his sex from such underhand games in the future. So he advanced as she retreated. With gleaming eyes and clinching fists, he poured out a torrent of profane abuse and insulting epithets that were beyond anything Salina ever had heard. When he began to ridicule her vanished charms, her temper rose in self-justification.

Suddenly she stopped still in her retreat.

"You cur! You poor, miserable hound! You step out of this house, and you step out at once!" Her voice was loud and commanding. The man gave a swagger, but the woman held her ground. Slowly, inch by inch, the man yielded to Salina's advance. Her tongue flew in the expression of her thoughts, and her steps quickened as she felt herself mastering the situation. The man, appreciating her power, turned and fled, Salina after him. Around the hedge of currant bushes they ran. The man, unfamiliar with the lay of the land, missed the gate. Salina, out of breath with running, had ceased talking, and thus, in solemn silence, they ran and dodged and chased.

It was at this moment that young Sam Johnson viewed the scene from the roadside, and flying home at the top of his speed, he shouted: "O, maw! Miss Salina is playing peek-a-boo around the currant bushes with a man."

The news ran through the village like wildfire. The whole sewing circle, of which Miss Salina was an honored member, gathered together, and presented itself at the Gray cottage.

Miss Salina, calm and serene, met them at the door. "Walk right in and sit down," said she. "I'm just baking some drop cakes, so you'll

have to excuse the looks of my kitchen. There's been a man here who kind of hindered me with my work. He was a house breaker." Miss Salina's conscience would not permit her to say thief. At once she became a heroine of strength and courage.

The following week Deacon Haswell made Salina a formal offer of marriage.

"A woman who can stand off a house breaker is the woman for me," he had said.

The deacon was accepted.

PAPA AND THE BOY.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

(Printed by permission of the Author.)

Charming as is the merry prattle of innocent childhood, it is not particularly agreeable at about one o'clock in the morning, when you are "dead for sleep," and wouldn't give a copper to hear even Gladstone himself talk. There are young and talkative children, who have no more regard for your feelings or for the proprieties of life than to open their peepers with a snap at one or two A. M., and seek to engage you in enlivening dialogues of this sort:

"Papa!"

You think you will pay no heed to the imperative little voice, hoping that silence on your part will keep the youngster quiet; but again the boy of three pipes out sharply—

"Papa!"

"Well?" you say.

"You 'wake, papa?"

"Yes."

"So's me."

"Yes, I hear that you are," you say with cold sarcasm. "What do you want?"

"Oh, nuffin."

"Well, lie still and go to sleep, then."

"I isn't s'eepy papa."

"Well, I am, young man."

"Is you? I isn't—not a bit. Say, papa, *papa!*"

"Well."

"If you was rich, what would you buy me?"

"I don't know—go to sleep."

"Wouldn't you buy me nuffin?"

"I guess so; now you"—

"What, papa?"

"Well, a steam engine, may be; now, you go *right* to sleep."

"With a bell that would ring, papa?"

"Yes, yes; now you"—

"And would the wheels go wound, papa?"

"Oh, yes (yawning). Shut your eyes now, and"—

"And would it go choo, choo, choo, papa?"

"Yes, yes; now go to sleep!"

"Say, papa."

No answer.

"*Papa!*"

"Well, what now?"

"Is you 'f'aid of the dark?"

"No" (drowsily).

"I isn't either. Papa!"

"Well?"

"If I was wich, I'd buy you somefin."

"Would you?"

"Yes; I'd buy you some ice-cweam and some chocolum drops, and a toof brush, and panties wiv bwaid on like mine, and a candy wooster, and"—

"That will do. You *must* go to sleep, now."

Silence for half a second; then—

"Papa—papa!"

"Well, what now?"

"I want a jink."

"No, you don't."

"I do, papa."

Experience has taught you that there will be no peace until you have brought the "jink," and you scurry out to the bathroom in the dark for it, knocking your shins against everything in the room as you go.

"Now, I don't want to hear another word from you to-night," you say, as he gulps down a mouthful of the water he didn't want. Two minutes later he says:—

"Papa!"

"See here, laddie, papa will have to punish you if"—

"I can spell 'dog,' papa."

"Well, nobody wants to hear you spell it at two o'clock in the morning."

"B-o-g—dog; is that right?"

"No, it is not; but nobody cares if"—

"Then it's 'd-o-g,' isn't it?"

"Yes, yes; now you lie *right down* and go to to sleep *instantly!*"

"Then I'll be a good boy, won't I?"

"Yes, you'll be the best boy on earth. Good night dearie."

"Papa!"

"Well, *well!* What now?"

"Is I your little boy?"

"Yes, yes; of course."

"Some man's haven't got any little boys; but you have, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Don't you wish you had two, free, nine, 'leben, twenty-six, ninety-ten, free-hundred little boys?"

The mere possibility of such a remote and contingent calamity so paralyzes you that you lie speechless for ten minutes, during which you hear a yawn or two in the little bed by your side, a little figure rolls over three or four times, a pair of heels fly into the air once or twice, a warm, moist little hand reaches out and touches your face to make sure you are there, and the boy is asleep, with his heels where his head ought to be.

THEN AG'IN.

BY S. W. FOSS.

(Printed by permission of Lee & Shepard, Publishers.)

Jim Bowker, he said ef he'd had a fair show,
And a big enough town for his talents to grow,
And the least bit assistance in hoein' his row,
Jim Bowker, he said,
He'd filled the world full of the sound of his name,
An' clim the top round in the ladder of fame;
It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been,
Then ag'in—

But he had tarnal luck—everythin' went ag'in him,
The arrers er fortune they allus 'ud pin him;
So he didn't get no chance to show off what was in him,
Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,
An' the feats he'd a-done, and the heights he'd a-clumb—
It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been,
Then ag'in—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less—
Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
An' give fortune the blame for all our distress,
As Jim Bowker, he said.
If it hadn't been for luck and misfortune an' sich,
We might a-been famous, an' might a-been rich,
It might be jest so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been,
Then ag'in—

THE LITTLE TIN TRUMPET.

BY JAMES WORKMAN.

(Printed by permission of Strand Magazine.)

Archie Campbell stood in the small, dingy, ill-furnished room in which his little son lay asleep, looking wistfully at the tiny, pale face, framed in a tangle of crisp yellow curls. By the dim light of the candle it looked pinched and wan, except for an ominous flush on one of the thin cheeks. Archie's lips shut tight to stifle a groan, and he turned hurriedly away. As he did so he caught sight of a little stocking hanging at the foot of the bed. It was Christmas Eve, and the sight shot a pang through his heart.

The child stirred uneasily in his sleep.

"Is that you, daddie?"

"Yes, little one."

"Oh, I thought it was Santa Claus. I'm ever so tired and sleepy, but I've been tryin' as hard as ever I could to keep awake, 'cos I wanted to ask him to give me a little trumpet. I want a trumpet ever so much more than anythin' else. You don't think he'd be cross if I asked him for one—a very little one—do you, daddie?"

"No, I don't suppose he would."

"He's almost very nearly sure to have trumpets, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes, he often has trumpets, and drums, and swords, and things."

"And if he had, he'd give me one—just a little one—if I was very, very polite to him, wouldn't he?"

Haunted by a sick child's feverish craving for something he has set his heart on, Tommy sat up in bed, with crimson cheeks and glittering eyes.

"Yes, yes, of course he would."

"But suppose that, just for this once, he didn't come, you'd be a plucky little chap—wouldn't you, Tommy? You wouldn't cry and make yourself ill—would you?"

"S'pose he didn't come? Do you mean, didn't come at all, daddie?"

"There, there, don't cry, little man. Cheer up, old fellow. I think he'll come—I'm sure he will, I am really. But you must go to sleep, or perhaps he won't. He knows just what little boys and girls want without being told, and if he has any trumpets he'll be quite sure to give you one. Besides, he doesn't like to find little children awake, so you must close your eyes and keep quite still, and you'll be asleep in no time. Good-night, little man."

Archie came out and closed the door softly behind him.

"To think that I haven't got so much as a copper to buy him some cheap little plaything or two and a few sweets; and—and perhaps it's the last Christmas he'll be here. Poor little chap, he gets thinner and weaker every day. Oh, I must get him something, I will get him something, if I have to——"

He stopped abruptly and glanced furtively round. Then snatching up his hat and buttoning his threadbare coat, he stepped hurriedly into the street.

Eight or nine months before, the sudden collapse of an Australian bank, in which his whole fortune was invested, had reduced him from independence to abject poverty. Since then he had drifted to London, and had been straining every nerve to scrape together the few shillings that would provide himself and his little boy with food and lodging.

As he walked hastily along the crowded streets, shivering in his threadbare clothes and faint with hunger, there was an almost wolfish glitter in his eyes as he glared through the shop windows at the food or jewels, that lay within arm's length of his twitching fingers. Indeed, he looked so gaunt and desperate, that well-dressed passers-by avoided him, and policemen eyed him suspiciously.

In his college days he had cherished literary ambitions, but a comfortable income and an early marriage had turned his thoughts into other channels, and since his wife's death the care of his little boy seemed to have absorbed his whole time and attention. When the bank collapsed he turned instinctively to the only profession that seemed to require no special course of training, but the stories and articles he wrote with feverish haste had so far been invariably rejected. The editor of the *Weekly Mirror* had alone betrayed any interest in his work; and though he had politely declined Archie's contributions, had nevertheless given him a few kindly words of encouragement when he ventured to call at the office.

Knowing the editor's private address in a distant suburb, Archie determined, as a last resource, to go there and implore him for an advance of

a sovereign or two, or even a few shillings. In return he was willing to pledge himself to any kind of employment, however distasteful or laborious. If the editor believed him incapable of writing satisfactory articles, he would cheerfully undertake to light fires, to sweep out the offices, to carry coals, or clean windows. It comforted him a little to enumerate all the menial things he was prepared to do in exchange for a trifling loan, but in his heart he knew that for the first time in his life he was going to beg for charity from a comparative stranger, and he turned sick with shame at the thought.

Tommy's wasting figure and pinched white face goaded him on, or he would have turned back again and again. As he had to tramp every foot of the way, and was growing weak from want of food, it was verging on midnight before he reached the house, a semi-detached villa. Archie groaned as he glanced up at the windows. Not a light was visible. Every soul in the house was probably asleep. He leant against the railings sick at heart with disappointment, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and aching in every limb. How could anyone, on such an errand as his, drag out of bed at midnight a man he had seen only once before in his life? He would certainly meet with nothing but insults if he did.

He was turning away, when it occurred to him that there might possibly be a light in one of the side windows which were invisible from the road. Entering the garden, he stepped noiselessly along an asphalt path. Presently he stopped in front of a large window on the ground floor, illumined by a dim, flickering light within. Approaching a little nearer, he could see through the partially drawn curtains that a fire was still burning in the grate.

As he peered in, a fragment of coal dropped into the white-hot centre of the fire and, bursting into flame, illuminated the whole interior of the room. Archie started and rubbed his eyes. Could he be dreaming? Had he grown light-headed with hunger, or were those really toys that lay on the table? The flame died down and the objects on the table grew barely perceptible, but he could have sworn that he had seen a doll's house, a humming top, a cocked hat with white plumes, a drum, a sword, and above all, a little tin trumpet.

His heart began to beat furiously, and he turned his head with a furtive sidelong glance in the direction of the road. Not a soul was visible. He listened intently, and could hear nothing but the distant rumbling of a cab. He turned again to the window. The room was still dark, but he fancied he could distinguish the little tin trumpet glimmering in the dim light. He put out his hand toward the window-sash, and

then suddenly twisting on his heel walked hurriedly away. As he did so, there rose up before him a vision of a little pale face with tear-filled eyes and quivering lips gazing wistfully into an empty stocking. He threw up his hands with a despairing gesture and turned back again. For several minutes he stood before the window, listening and glancing uneasily around him, and then, as if moved by a sudden, overmastering impulse, placed his hands on the sash and raised it, and in another moment he was inside the room. He mechanically closed the window behind him, and going straight to the table, took up the trumpet and carried it to the fire. It was quite new and glittered bravely in the firelight. To the scarlet cord a scrap of paper was pinned. on which was written: "To Johnnie, from his affectionate Aunt Bertha." He tore off the paper, and thrust the trumpet into the inner breastpocket of his coat.

Then he crouched down by the fire to warm his numbed hands. Presently he gave the fire a gentle poke, the poker made a slight noise.

"Who's there?"

Archie leapt to his feet, white and trembling. He was too dazed and bewildered to decide on immediate flight, but shrank instinctively behind the heavy baize curtain near the window. Cold sweat stood on his forehead, and he was quaking in every limb.

"Who's there?"

"Papa," called out another voice, "What is it? Is there someone in the house?"

"Hush—keep quiet—I don't know. I thought I heard someone, but perhaps I was mistaken."

There was a few moments' silence, and then Archie heard the door creak faintly, and peering round the edge of the curtain saw a dim figure stealing cautiously into the room.

"Is there anyone here?"

The man advanced slowly towards the chandelier.

"I'm going to light the gas, and I warn you that I have a revolver in my hand, and that if you attack me while I am doing so, I'll shoot you without a moment's hesitation."

The words were followed by the hurried striking of a match, and Archie, turning panic stricken to the window, made an ineffectual attempt to open it. The gas flared up and a peremptory voice exclaimed:

"You are hiding behind that curtain. Come out, or I'll fire."

Livid with shame and fear, Archie stepped forward to find himself confronted by the muzzle of a revolver held in the outstretched hand of a

tall bearded man standing on the hearth-rug. It was David Grant, the editor of the *Weekly Mirror*.

"Oh, it's you—is it? Happy to meet you again, I'm sure. So this is your highly respectable calling—is it? and you merely dabble in literature in your leisure moments—eh?"

Archie tried to speak, to explain, but his tongue seemed paralyzed, and the words died on his lips.

"Papa, what is it! I thought I heard you speaking. Is there really someone here?"

"You can come in, Bertha; it's only a burglar, a real live one, but quite harmless."

A pretty girl of about eighteen, attired in a dainty dressing-gown, stepped timidly in, and gazed with wide, frightened eyes at Archie's white face and shrinking figure.

"This young gentleman and I, have met before. In his leisure moments he devotes himself to literature, and he has done me the honour of wishing to contribute to the *Mirror*. Unfortunately I was compelled to decline his contributions, which were not pictures of life, but impossible psychological romances evolved from his inner consciousness. It never seems to have occurred to him that if he had given a vivid description of—shall I say?—his professional experiences, his manuscript might have met with a very different reception. However, during his temporary retirement from the active duties of his profession—which is likely to prove the result of this delightful interview—he may possibly secure an opportunity of using his pen to greater advantage, and I may have the pleasure of accepting a really live article, entitled 'The Experiences of a Professional Burglar.'"

During this speech, Archie stood with bent head, white face, and quivering lips.

"In the meantime, you have probably filled your pockets with my spoons and forks. Now, I like to encourage energetic young men, and it grieves me to interfere with your business arrangements, but I must reluctantly request you to hand them back again."

Archie took out the little tin trumpet and laid it on the table.

"I took nothing but that, I didn't intend to take anything else."

"Come, come, my good fellow, if you must tell lies—they ought at least to be moderately plausible ones. Do you expect me to believe this?"

"No, I don't."

"I'm glad to hear it. Bertha, my dear, you'll find a policeman's

whistle in the drawer of the hat-stand. Open the front door and blow it as hard as you can."

"Oh, papa, won't you forgive him? I—I'm sure he's speaking the truth. Won't you give him one more chance?"

Archie looked up at the sound of the girl's pleading voice. A glimmer of hope lit up his haggard face. Surely, if he told them all, they would believe him, would pity and forgive him. Words rushed to his lips, and despair made him eloquent.

As they listened to his pitiful story, they saw, as though they had actually stood beside him in the dingy, ill-furnished room, the thin, wistful face of the little boy, and the tiny stocking hanging forlornly at the foot of the bed. They saw him dragging his tired limbs along the endless streets, felt the pang of disappointment with which he glanced up at the dark and silent house, and looking with him through the window beheld the trumpet glittering in the firelight. From that moment the tawdry little toy seemed no longer inadequate to account for his presence there, and when he concluded he found Bertha in tears, and her father regarding him with an almost friendly expression.

"You will forgive him, won't you, papa?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you one more chance. Sit down at that desk and write an account of your night's adventure and all that led up to it. Make it brief, humorous, pathetic, and picturesque. If it's marketable, I'll accept it and pay you for it. What's more, I'll let you go, because there'll be a chance of your earning an honest livelihood. But if you can't make marketable copy out of such an experience as this, you're a hopeless case, and the best thing I can do for you and the public is to hand you over to the police. Sit down."

Archie sat down despondently. His brain refused to work. Again and again the ink dried on the pen. Not a word would come.

"Come. I can't wait all night. I'll give you another ten minutes, and if you're not making headway by then, I shall get Bertha to blow the whistle."

Archie groaned, and buried his pale face in his hands. His brain seemed incapable of evolving a single coherent sentence. Then suddenly through the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of the little tin trumpet. It suggested what struck him as an appropriate title for his narrative, and he wrote it down. Then half unconsciously to himself his pen traced a few words of the conversation which had taken place between himself and Tommy, and a moment later his eyes sparkled, his cheeks flushed and he was writing page after page without effort or hesitation, and with a com-

mand of appropriate language, with touches of mingled humor and pathos that subsequently amazed him.

When at length he stopped he looked bewildered, like a man suddenly awakened out of a dream. Without a word he handed the manuscript to Grant, and waited hopelessly for his verdict.

Grant read it through without comment, then cleared his throat.

"Well, what do you think of it yourself?"

"It's no use, I shall never do any good."

"Cheer up, my lad. You're wrong this time. I always thought you had it in you. The stuff's first-rate—as good stuff as I've had for many a day. I'll take it and pay you for it."

Archie looked up, stupefied with astonishment. Grant was smiling down at him, and there were tears in Bertha's soft brown eyes.

"Oh, yes, I mean it. You'll do; with a little coaching you'll do very well. At any rate, you'll never succeed as a burglar. In the meantime I can't find it in my heart to deprive you of the proceeds of your first and probably your last appearance in that fascinating character; and so you'll greatly oblige me if you'll put that trumpet back in your pocket. Pooh, don't hesitate, man. Bertha intended it for a present to a little scapegrace of a nephew of hers who is going to dine with us to-morrow. He'll be quite as well pleased with a shilling or two to spend in any way he chooses. Now, I daresay you'd prefer cash to a cheque? I thought so. Well, I'll see if I can scrape a few coins together while Bertha gets you something to eat. What do you say? Couldn't think of troubling us? What rubbish. Sit down this instant, or as sure as you're born I'll get out that whistle and give you in charge before you know where you are."

Tommy shouted with delight when he awoke the next morning to find his stocking bulkier than usual, and on the top of all the fine things it contained the desire of his heart, a trumpet. He couldn't imagine how Santa Claus had guessed that it was just the one thing he wanted above all others.

Archie is now a thriving journalist, but if you could look into a certain carefully-locked drawer you would find a photograph of a pretty girl with soft brown eyes, and close beside it—battered, bent and almost unrecognizable—the little tin trumpet.

JIMMY BROWN.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

Jimmy Brown was a little boy who always tried to do the very best he could, yet was constantly getting into trouble.

The following is an account of his little trouble with Mr. Marten as recited by himself.

* * * * * * * *

Oh! we've been having a dreadful time at our house, and I have done very wrong. Oh, I always admit it when I've done wrong. There's nothing meaner than to pretend that you haven't done wrong when everybody knows that you have. It all happened last Tuesday night. Just as it was getting dark; this was the way it happened.

I was playing Indian in the yard, and I was playing it was snowing. I do love snow, there isn't anything except a rat-terrier that is as beautiful as snow.

Mr. Travers (that Sue's beau), he says that seven hundred men once wrote a poem and called it "Beautiful Snow," and that even then, though they were all big, strong men, they couldn't find words enough to tell how beautiful it was.

Well, I was playing it was snowing, and I was an Indian, and I had a wooden tomahawk and a wooden scalping-knife and a bownarrow. I was dressed up in father's old coat turned inside out, and had six chicken feathers in my hair. I was playing I was Green Thunder, the Delaware chief, and was hunting for pale-faces in the yard. It was just after supper, and I was having a real nice time, when Mr. Travers came, and he said, "Jimmy, what are you up to now?" So I told him I was Green Thunder, and was on the war-path. Said he, "Jimmy, I think I saw Mr. Martin on his way here. Do you think you would mind scalping him?" I said I wouldn't scalp him for nothing, for that would be cruelty; but if Mr. Travers was sure that Mr. Martin was the enemy of the red man, then Green Thunder's heart would ache for revenge, and I would scalp him with pleasure. Mr. Travers said that Mr. Martin was a notorious

enemy and oppressor of the Indians, and he gave me ten cents, and said that as soon as Mr. Martin should come and was sitting comfortably on the piazza, I was to give the warwhoop and scalp him.

Well, in a few minutes Mr. Martin came, and he and Mr. Travers and Susan sat on the piazza, and talked as if they were all so pleased to see each other, which was the highest pocracy in the world. After a while Mr. Martin saw me, and said, "How silly boys are! that boy makes believe he's an Indian, and he knows he's only a little nuisance." Now this made me mad, and I thought I would give him a good scare, just to teach him not to call names if a fellow does beat him in a fair game. So I began to steal softly up the piazza steps, and to get around behind him. When I got about six feet from him I gave a warwhoop, and jumped at him. I caught hold of his scalp-lock with one hand, and drew my wooden scalping-knife around his head with the other.

I never got such a fright in my whole life. The knife was that dull that it wouldn't cut butter; but, true as I sit here, Mr. Martin's whole scalp came right off in my hand. I thought I had killed him, and I dropped his scalp, and said, "For mercy's sake! I didn't go to do it, and I'm awful sorry." But he just caught up his scalp, stuffed it in his pocket, and jammed his hat on his head, and walked off, saying to Susan, "I didn't come here to be insulted by a little wretch that deserves the gallows."

Mr. Travers and Susan never said a word until he had gone, and then they laughed until the noise brought father out to ask what was the matter. When he heard what had happened, he said, "My son, you may come up-stairs with me."

But then—what is the use saying anything more about it; it's all over now—but if any of you have ever been a boy, you know what happened up-stairs.

(From "Adventures of Jimmy Brown." Copyright 1885, by Harper & Brothers.)

"WAIKIKI."

BY ROLLIN M. DAGGETT

(Dedicated to "Waikiki," the favorite sea-side resort of Honolulu. Presented by the author 1882.)

The cocoa, with its crest of spears,
Stands sentry 'round the crescent shore,
And algaroba, bent with years,
Keeps watch beside the lanai door.
The cool winds fan the mango's cheek.
The mynah flits from tree to tree,
And zephyrs to the roses speak
Their sweetest words at Waikiki.

Like truant children of the deep
Escaped behind a coral wall,
The lisping wavelets laugh and leap,
Nor heed old ocean's stern recall,
All day they frolic with the sands,
Kiss pink-lipped shells in wanton glee,
Make windrows with their patting hands,
And, singing, sleep at Waikiki.

The closing curtain of the night
Is shading down the gold to gray,
And on the reef the flaring light
Of brown-armed fishers, far away,
Dyes red the waves that thunder by
The sturdy bulwarks of the sea,
And breaking into riplets, die
Upon the breast of Waikiki.

Now come wild echoes through the air
And shadow of a rugged face,
With iron limbs and shoulders bare—
The chieftain of a dusky race

Whose hostile front, with lifted lance,
And war-proas flecking all the sea
Swept through the palms with bold advance
Along the shores of Waikiki.

And all unchecked in martial course
By menace or the spear of foe,
The misty columns move in force,
Their chieftain leading as they go,
Up, up Muuanu's rocky bed
Till, looking down through clouds, they see
The beetling front of Diamond Head
And silver sands of Waikiki.

On ! on ! the foe has reached the verge,
And o'er the Pali's awful side,
With shout and stroke and battle-surge
Is poured a shrieking human tide.
Then all is still ; the work is done,
And thus the shadows come to me
When twilight clouds, kissed by the sun,
Have bronzed the shores of Waikiki.

And then, with tropic murmurs blent,
Come distant voices half divine,
While mingled with the Ylangylang's scent
Is breath of sage and mountain pine ;
And from Diablo's vine-clad feet,
From desert bleak and green Maumee
Are wafted strains to me as sweet
As e'er were heard at Waikiki.

O Waikiki ! O scene of peace !
O home of beauty and of dreams !
No haven in the isles of Greece
Can chord the harp to sweeter themes ;
For houris haunt the broad lanais,
While scented zephyrs cool the lea,
And, looking down from sunset skies.
The angels smile on Waikiki.

THE STRANDED SHIP.

BY L. CLARKE DAVIS.

ARRANGED BY SARA LORD BAILEY.

(Printed by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers.)

Luke Connor was an outcast from society. When he was graduated from Harvard all blessings of life seemed his: Abundant means, superb physical health and hosts of friends. But the very night of commencement a letter was handed him, telling him that his sister had died confessing an awful wrong, and the man who had wrought this wrong was his friend and classmate. That was the bitter part of it all—his friend. Stunned, maddened by the shock, he pursued and killed the man, and flung him headlong into the rising tide. Then the boy, whose work was done, but whose boyhood had slipped away forever, gave himself up to justice, expecting and desiring death. The jury acquitted him, and he left the country.

After remaining abroad several years he returned, and was spending a few weeks at a beach on the Jersey coast. Here he met Professor Daunton, one of his college professors. One morning at the break of day the people at the old farmhouse were awakened from sleep by the discharge of a solitary gun, so near and distinct that it startled the sleepers from their beds. It was followed by a second report, and by others. There was hurried dressing and a quick tramp to the sea, for the slow booming gun told of life to be saved—men and horses thundered along the hard beach with the life-boats on their carriages surrounded by yelling wreckers, grim and alert. The horses flew along, untouched by whip, as if they knew the necessity for speed. But when the wreckers arrived opposite the stranded ship, against which the waves thumped mercilessly, there fell a dead silence among them all. They looked towards the monster wreck and then into each other's faces, hopeless, dismayed—no boat could live on such a sea.

The ship had come on broadside to the sand, and was strained

badly. She still held together above decks, but showed an ugly break in her hull amidship. The women who had husbands stood about the boats on which the men sat, entreating and forbidding them to venture out.

"Is there no hope for these poor people, Captain Brown?" said a woman. "You can do something; do not let them go down into the sea before our eyes without making a single effort, Captain!"

"It's no use; she's doomed, that ship is; and she'll go down before our eyes, and we can't help 'em."

"I'm not a strong man, Captain Brown," said the Professor, "but I was accounted a good stroke once in the Cambridge crew, and I would like to make one of a party to attempt the rescue of those people there."

"You would? Then by the good Lord, Professor, I'll make another! Hello, men! Who'll volunteer to go out there with a line to that ship? It's a desprit service, but Professor Daunton is going, and I am going; and now who else'll go? Good for you, Bill Shadrick! Good for you, Tom Hempill! You're men, you are! Now some more of you as hain't got anybody at home. Who's the next man to go into the boat?"

Two others instantly volunteered, and despite the cries of children and wives, the men leaped into the boat, and each one with a last look shoreward, quietly poised his oar in the air, stiffened himself in his place, and sat solemnly watching the mountainous wave over which he was to be hurled.

Half a hundred brawny hands seized the boat and tried to launch her, unsuccessfully at first, but on the fourth trial she plunged into the breakers, and in the next moment she was thrown high and dry upon the beach, smashed like an egg-shell, her crew all safe but a good deal bruised and hurt.

"I told you it was no use. I know a sea when I see it, and I knowed no boat could live a minute out there."

"What chance, Captain?"

It was a pleasant voice that had asked the question. The old man looked up at the graceful figure of the speaker on horseback.

"Captain Connor, there is no chance for them poor souls on that wreck. Only God and a miracle will let them see home again."

"Only God and a miracle?"

"Yes, just that!"

"Have you tried the boat?"

"Does that look as if we had tried the boat?"

"Very much like it, Captain Brown; but are there no more volun-

teers? My men, you know me; I will give a thousand dollars to every man who lends a hand to carry a line to that ship." A dead silence among the men, dark scowls among the women.

"What! no answer? You want more? Well, you shall have it. Any six of you stand out there and name your price. Don't be afraid, I'll pay it down."

No man stirred; the women crept closer to their husbands, glaring savagely at Connor.

"You wont go? Why, you cowards! Are you afraid of a bit of dirty water or some salt spray washing over you? Will nothing tempt you?"

"We are not cowards, Captain Connor, but no boat can live out there—it has been tried," a wrecker said doggedly.

"Try it again, you cowards! You have been upon the sea all your miserable lives and yet not a man of you will stir."

The bitter words were scarcely uttered, when a gaunt old fish-wife, her arms bared to the elbow, her face as brown as the dead kelp, seized his bridle, and with a quick jerk threw his horse back on his haunches. "Cowards are we? Then what are you? What are you coming here to tempt to their certain death these men with children and wives? Why don't you go yourself? What is your dirty money to you? You never worked in storm, in sleet and hail and snow, for a dollar a day saving human lives! Go carry a line to the ship yourself. Save your filthy bribes, you murderer, and earn the right to call our sons and husbands cowards! Go yourself!"

When the word murderer escaped her lips his cheeks blanched, and he grew dizzy for a moment, but recovering himself, he leaned forward in his saddle.

"My friends, I was wrong and this good wife is right. I will carry a line to the ship."

Something she saw in the calm, solemn eyes of Luke Connor told her that he meant to do it, and it chilled the blood in her heart. The old woman stared hard into the man's face.

"You! You carry a line to yon poor wretches? It can't be done, Captain Luke. It can't be done, I tell you. I didn't mean to be rough and to make you do a mad thing like that. You can't save 'em, Captain Luke. Only God can do that!"

"Then under God I will do it!"

She turned fiercely upon the wreckers. "Do you mean to let him throw his life away before your eyes? If you do, you're greater cowards than he called you just now!"

Luke leaped from his horse. "Captain Brown, I propose to carry a line to yonder ship. You said a while ago that only God and a miracle could save those poor people there."

"Yes, I did say that."

"Well, Captain, is not your God as strong and able to help His people today as He was eighteen hundred years ago?"

"This ain't the time of miracles, Captain Luke. Now look for yourself: Can you carry a line out yonder—can any man do it?"

Luke Connor deliberately surveyed the prospect before him; he saw all the danger, all the necessity, too, and felt how desperate the chances really were. "I can try. The most of the danger lies there in that first breaker; there is some in the second, and less in the third. If I could pass the three lines of breakers the tide would favor me, and I could almost feel certain of success. Will you help me?"

"It's no use, Captain Luke; it aren't in mortal power to do it."

"I am only one man, and there are at least a hundred on that ship. She cannot last much longer with that sea hammering the life out of her at every stroke."

An awful, piercing cry went up from the wreck, drowning the beat of the waves and the roar of the wind The vessel had parted amidship, and men and women were struggling in the sea, clinging desperately to fragments of the wreck.

The old wrecking master gave a single glance at the new and eminent danger, and then said: "I'll help you; there's not a man here as won't help you. If you don't come back—an' God help you will—I'd like to stand near you up there. And now are you ready?"

"All ready, Captain!"

The old wrecking master securely fastened the thin, strong cord about his shoulders and under his arms. The naked figure of the man gleamed white and solid; the knotted muscles stood up about the arms and thighs and breast in hard, steely bunches. Luke looked death in the face squarely and did not falter; but as the mountainous wave rolled in foaming and hungry, he murmured, "God have mercy on me, a sinner!"

The thundering wave reared its awful crest and poised itself for the break upon the shore. He sprang forward, plunging headlong under it. Then the men about the ropes stood ready to receive again his body with life or without it. With terror in their faces they turned to watch the line that slowly began to glide through the master's fingers. For a moment they all stood silently watching coil after coil glide away; then the master

looked up, his lips white, his hands trembling. "Thank God, mates! he has passed the first breaker!"

He had; and he prepared himself for the next one. He saw it sweeping down upon him with a mighty surge and roar, but before it could reach him he was down again beneath it, and in the undertow of the second breaker, going rapidly out to sea.

The people stood looking out among the waves with anxious, hopeless eyes. The third breaker had passed harmlessly over him, but between him and the ship there was yet nearly a quarter of a mile of mad, turbulent sea, rolling and heaving before the wind, on which he was tossed like a cork. On each wave he rose and fell, now going ahead, now losing in one moment more than he had gained in three; yet on the whole surely lessening the distance between him and the ship, for the tide carried him forward. The minutes seemed to have crept into hours, hours into days.

"What is it, Captain Brown? What is it that is wrong?"

"Nothing; but more nor an hour is gone, and we should a drawed in afore now."

A frightened whisper went through the crowd and killed every particle of hope within them.

"There be a dead man or shark at t'other end of that line!"

Suddenly the old fisher-wife started up from among them, her hand tossing back her hair from her eyes, her right arm stretched straight out before her, her voice ringing. "No, no, no! you mistake! See there; see there! Look at the ship, and thank God! Oh, thank God, all of you!"

They turned their eyes and they saw a man dragged up fromg among the jib-chains of the wrecked ship. They saw him mount to the deck, and heard the passengers and crew shout out their joyful cry of deliverance.

"Now, then," the old captain yelled, "can't you men raise a single cheer for the brave fellow as saved a hundred lives?"

No, they could not. The old captain could not do it himself. Their sudden gladness choked them. But the moment gone, they shouted till they were hoarse, and then all of them went to work. Away spun the line, away and away, until the last strong cable of all was made fast to the ship, drawn taut, and then along spun the life-car with a couple of brave fellows in it to the wreck. In five minutes it was back again on shore. The sturdy wreckers worked with a will, and dragged the life-car to and from the ship until every man, woman and child were landed.

When the last load came ashore everyone crowded down as near to the sea as they could get, wanting to welcome their hero among them again.

When he landed what a shout they sent up! The rescued drew near to him, craving only to touch the man Luke Connor who had delivered a hundred lives from the jaws of death.

And among them the man whom he thought he had killed and flung off Dunlethe's wharf, long ago—and Luke Connor feeling as if God himself stood somewhere near—said under his breath, "God, I thank Thee for this."

PUTTING THE BABY TO SLEEP.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

(By permission of the Author.)

Did you ever try to get a baby to sleep? A real, lively, rollicking rascal of a baby who doesn't intend snoozing away any more of his valuable time than he has to.

There have been evenings, I dare say, when the pleasure of putting baby to sleep has been yours.

Perhaps, if it is a first experience, you are rather glad of the chance to convince your wife that she has fallen into the habit of wasting a deal of time in getting that youngster to sleep evenings. You have always felt and said that you could get him to sleep in a fourth of the time your wife spends. All is required is a little firmness. The baby wants to simply be made to understand that it is bedtime and that he *must* go to sleep. That is your theory, and now you'll put it into practice.

Well, mamma departs, and you take baby, robed in his little white "nighty"—the nearest thing to an angel there is on this earth.

You pick him up and say fondly, but firmly:

"Now papa's little baby boy must go right to sleep."

"Now, baby, shut his little eyes."

"Goo, goo," he says, with his eyes wide open.

"Baby, papa wants to read his paper and baby *must* go to sleep."

If ever a baby said "I won't do it" with his heels, your's says it about this time, for the way he lets his little pink heels fly into the air means nothing less than a distinct and positive "I won't."

You then hold him firmly in your arms, and he begins to squirm. He writhes and wriggles with unexpected strength and pluckily contends for freedom, until you let him go through sheer admiration of his grit.

"Goo, goo," he says.

"Baby, dear," you say plaintively, "won't papa's baby go to sleep now—that's a good baby."

Then the good baby manifests his intention of getting down and crawling all over the floor. Foiled in this, he concludes to crawl all over you. His little fingers clutch your beard and you haven't the heart to shake him off, not even when he pulls so hard that your eyes are full of tears. Then he pokes his fingers into your nose, eyes and ears, giving the result of his investigations in a series of gurgling "goo-goos," indicating that he is as wide-awake as he ever was in his life, and he thinks he can hold out three or four hours yet. You haul him down into your arms and say:

"Now, if baby don't go right to sleep, papa will have to whip. Shall papa whip baby?"

The "goo-goo" he now screeches out means, "Do so at you own risk." Whip him! There is more or less of the brute in every man, but you inwardly thank God that your brutal tendencies don't run in the direction of pounding babies.

You simply cuddle him up in your arms and begin rocking him to and fro in such a manner that he couldn't go to sleep if he wanted to, no more than you could if lashed to a trip-hammer. Then you sing everything you know, from "Rock of Ages" down to "Annie Rooney," all in one key, for, ten to one, you can't sing a note correctly to save your life.

This concert lasts an hour and a half and baby lives through it all and has vitality enough to pop up at the close of it with a cheery:

"Ya, ya! Goo, goo!"

Then you shake him a little and say:

"Now, young man, I've had just about enough of this. You've simply *got* to go to sleep! Go to *sleep!*"

Now you've made him cry. He slips limply down into your arms and opens his mouth in one prolonged yell, followed by another and another until he has emitted about a thousand of them. You walk the floor with him; you jounce him up and down; you coax and wheedle and scold and fume.

Bye-and-by his cries grow weaker and fewer; you feel his little form relaxing in your arms, his little limbs hang limply, his curly head lies heavily on your shoulder, his eyelids droop slowly, and, with that most pitiful of sounds, the sobbing of a child in its sleep, the little fellow wanders into dreamland. You are free to lay him down now and take up your book or your paper, but you don't always do it. You simply sit down gently with the baby still in your arms and your eyes fixed on his flushed little face.

There you sit for an hour, may be, looking into the face of the troublesome little bit of humanity in your arms, a treasure for which you would lay down your life.

P. S. — I forgot to say that after you have very carefully laid him down and crawled away from his cradle on your hands and knees so as not to awaken him, you are paralyzed by a loud and distinct "Ya! ya! *ya!*" and you have to do it all over again.

THE AUCTIONEER'S GIFT.

BY S. W. FOSS.

(By permission of Lee & Shepard.)

The auctioneer leaped on a chair, and bold and loud and clear,
He poured his cataract of words, just like an auctioneer.
An auction sale of furniture, where some hard mortgagee
Was bound to get his money back, and pay his lawyer's fee.

A humorist of wide renown, this doughty auctioneer,
His joking raised the loud guffaw, and brought the answering jeer,
He scattered round his jests, like rain, on the unjust and the just;
Sam Sleeman said he "laffed so much he thought that he would bust."

He knocked down bureaus, beds, and stoves, and clocks and chandeliers,
And a grand piano, which he swore would "last a thousand years;"
He rattled out the crockery, and sold the silverware;
At last they passed him up to sell a little baby's chair.

"How much? how much? Come, make a bid; is all your money spent?"
And then a cheap, facetious wag came up and bid, "One cent."
Just then a sad-faced woman, who stood in silence there,
Broke down and cried, "My baby's chair! My poor, dead baby's chair!"

"Here, madam, take your baby's chair," said the softened auctioneer.
"I know its value all too well, my baby died last year;
And if the owner of the chair, our friend, the mortgagee,
Object to this proceeding, let him send the bill to me!"

Gone was the tone of raillery; the humorist auctioneer
Turned shamefaced from his audience to brush away a tear;
The laughing crowd was awed and still, no tearless eye was there
When the weeping woman reached and took her little baby's chair.

QUO VADIS.

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

ARRANGED BY SARA LORD BAILEY.

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INTRODUCTION.

This scene is laid in Rome when the master city of the world reveled in luxury and vice; when Christianity, yet in its infancy, was secretly spreading to the very heart of the city. Nero, the Emperor, was a pagan—fond only of applause, luxury and of the Amphitheatre games—which afforded amusement for all Rome. Vinicius, one of his courtiers, and a magnificent youth, loved Lygia, a beautiful Christian maiden. Gradually the purity of the maiden's life wrought a change upon his profligate soul, and when he knew that she was as snow upon the mountain tops compared with the women of Rome, he loved her the more; and when he knew that she was what she was through her religion, he loved and desired that religion. At last through the teaching of the Apostle Peter, who was as a father to Lygia, Vinicius, unknown to Nero, was converted to the Christian religion. Nero, wearying of Rome, ordered his courtiers to Antium, in his company. Vinicius feared to leave Lygia behind, but to disobey Nero's commands would mean sudden death.

At Antium, Nero and his court led a life of intoxicating pleasure and, for a mere whim, Nero, unknown to the people ordered the destruction of Rome. One night as they sat at a feast——

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Nero's freedman, appeared from beyond the curtain. "Pardon, divine Imperator, there is a conflagration in Rome! The greater part of the city is in flames?"

At this news all sprang from their seats.

"Lord, the whole city is one sea of flame; smoke is suffocating the inhabitants, and people faint, or cast themselves into the fire from

delirium. Rome is perishing, lord!" Vinicius' first thought was of Lygia; casting his toga aside, he rushed forth in his tunic, and springing on his horse, he dashed along the empty streets. He did not know clearly what was happening in his mind; he had merely the feeling that misfortune was on the horse with him, sitting behind his shoulders, and shouting in his ears, "Rome is burning!" that it was lashing his horse and him, urging them toward the fire. A horseman, rushing also like a whirlwind, but in the opposite direction, toward Antium, shouted as he raced past, "Rome is perishing!" and on he went.

After a time Vinicius rushed at full speed past the temple of Mercury, where people holding torches were hastening to put themselves under protection of the deity. He was surrounded by shouts of "Rome is burning!" "Rome is on fire!" "May the gods rescue Rome!"

"What part of the city is on fire?"

"Who art thou?" "Vinicius, a tribune of the army, an Augustian. Answer on thy head!"

"The fire broke out in the shops near the Circus Maximus; it is seizing new parts every moment with a force which nothing can stop. People are perishing from heat and smoke; all rescue is impossible." The young tribune rushed on. The road lay at the foot of the mountain. "From the top I shall see the flames," said he; and he began to lash his horse anew. But before he had reached the top of the mountain he felt the wind on his face, and with it came the odor of smoke to his nostrils. At the same time the summit of the height was becoming gilded.

The fire! thought Vinicius. He touched the summit at last. The whole lower region was covered with smoke, forming as it were one gigantic cloud lying close to the earth. In this cloud towns, aqueducts, villas, trees, disappeared; but beyond this gray ghastly plain the city was burning on the hills.

To Vinicius it seemed at the first glance of the eye that not only the city was burning, but the whole world, and that no living being could save itself from that ocean of flame and smoke. Despair seized Vinicius anew, he raised his head suddenly, and stretching his arms toward the sky filled with stars, began to pray. "Not to you do I call whose temples are burning, but to Thee! Thou Thyself hast suffered. Thou alone art merciful! Thou alone hast understood people's pain; Thou didst come to this world to teach pity to mankind; then show it now. If Thou art what Peter and Paul declare, save for me Lygia, take her in Thy arms, bear her out of the flames. Thou hast the power to do that!

Give her to me, and I will give Thee my blood. But if Thou art unwilling to do this for me, do it for her. She loves Thee and trusts in Thee. Thou dost promise life and happiness after death, but happiness after death will not pass away, and she does not wish to die yet. Let her live. Take her in Thy arms, bear her out of Rome."

Vinicius approached the walls. Gladiators, drunk with wine, gathered in crowds, ran with wild shouts through the neighboring squares, scattering, trampling, and robbing the people. A multitude of barbarians, exposed for sale in the city, escaped from the booths. For them the burning and ruin of Rome was at once the end of slavery and the hour of revenge; so that when the inhabitants stretched their hands to the gods in despair, calling for rescue, these slaves with howls of delight scattered the crowds, dragged clothing from people's backs, and bore away the younger women.

Above this heaving, mad human multitude roared the fire, surging up to the hill-tops of the greatest city on earth, sending into the whirling throng its fiery breath, and covering it with smoke, through which it was impossible to see the blue sky. The heat was growing unendurable. When he saw through the smoky curtain the cypresses in Linus's garden, Vinicius glanced heavenward with thankfulness and sprang toward the house. The door was closed, "Lygia! Lygia!" Silence answered him. Nothing could be heard in the stillness there save the roar of the distant fire. "Lygia!" Lygia did not answer his calls. "Then she must have escaped!"—Vinicius rushed to the street; the fire seemed to pursue him with burning breath, now surrounding him with fresh clouds of smoke, now covering him with sparks, which fell on his hair, neck, and clothing. He had the taste of soot and burning in his mouth; his throat and lungs were as if on fire. The blood rushed to his head, and at moments even the smoke itself, seemed red to him. Consciousness was leaving him; he remembered only that he must flee, for in the open field beyond waited Lygia. And all at once he was seized by a certain wonderful conviction, that he must see her, marry her, and then die. He ran on, staggering from one side of the street to the other. It grew redder still in his eyes, breath failed his lungs, strength failed his bones; he fell. The city burned on. When he awoke to consciousness, Peter was bending over him. He asked if Lygia were safe. Peter answered "yes!" but said that after the burning of Rome, Nero, in order to turn suspicion from himself, accused the Christians of the conflagration, and, for this crime, they had been put to horrible tortures in the arena. —— Among the

rest of the Christians, Lygia had been cast into prison, where she awaited, she knew not what terrible death.

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The cry, "Christians to the lions!" was heard increasingly in every part of the city.

When the news went forth that the end of the games was approaching, and that the last of the Christians were to die at an evening spectacle, a countless audience assembled in the amphitheatre. The sight was, in truth, magnificent. The lower seats, crowded with togas, were as white as snow. In the gilded podium sat Nero, wearing a diamond collar and a golden crown on his head; and on both sides were great officials, senators with embroidered togas, officers of the army with glittering weapons—in a word, all that was powerful, brilliant, and wealthy in Rome. Uncertainty, waiting, and curiosity had mastered all spectators. For it had been noised about that Nero had reserved the sacrifice of the beautiful Christian maiden Lygia as the crowning spectacle of the games.

Every eye was turned with strained gaze to the place where the unfortunate lover was sitting. He was in as much doubt as were the other spectators, but alarmed to the lowest depth of his soul. Despair began again to cry in his soul. He had the feeling that if he should see Lygia tortured, his love for God would be turned to hatred, and his faith to despair. But he was amazed at the feeling, for he feared to offend Christ, whom he was imploring for mercy and miracles. He implored no longer for her life; he wished merely that she should die before they brought her to the arena, and from the abyss of his pain he repeated in spirit: "Do not refuse even this, and I will love Thee still more than hitherto." And then his thoughts raged as a sea torn by a whirlwind. To his head flew at times flashes of hope that everything would be turned aside by an almighty and merciful hand. Finally, did he grasp with both hands at the thought that faith of itself could save her. Hence he rallied, he crushed doubt in himself, he compressed his whole being into the sentence, "I believe," and he looked for a miracle. But his weakness did not last long. At that very instant, the prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Nero's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Lygia's devoted slave into the brightly lighted arena.

The giant blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena; then he pushed into the centre, gazing around as if to see what he had to meet. At sight of him a murmur passed along every bench. People

gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree-trunks, at his breast as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Hercules. The murmur rose to shouts, and eager questions were put: "Where do the people live who can produce such a giant?"

He stood there, in the middle of the amphitheatre, naked, more like a stone colossus than a man, he gazed wonderingly at the spectators, now at Nero. Then he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes toward the stars which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheatre. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Nero's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

Then he began to repeat in hoarse accents,——"I believe! I believe! O Christ, a miracle!"

The amphitheatre was silent. The Augustians rose in their places, as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That giant, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and bending forward, he ran at the raging animal. A sudden cry of amazement was heard, the giant fell on the raging bull, and seized him by the horns. All breasts ceased to breathe. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; the man and the beast remained still. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet as did the man in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fall first? In the Circus nothing was heard save the sound of flame in the lamps, and the crackle of bits of coal as they dropped from the torches. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the giant. Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, a moment, and to the ears of the spectators came the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death. The giant removed the ropes from the horns of the bull, and, raising the maiden in his arms, he stood as if only half conscious; then he looked at the spectators. The Amphitheatre had gone wild. The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of

thousands of people. He approached Nero's podium, and, holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say,— "Have mercy on her! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake!" Pity burst forth suddenly like a flame. They had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices choked with tears began to entreat mercy for both. Now Vinicius started up, sprang over the barrier into the arena, and running to Lygia, covered her naked body with his toga. Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by the wounds received in war, and stretched out his hands to the audience. At this the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. The crowd stamped and howled. Voices called for mercy. People rose in defence of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Nero with flashes of anger in their eyes and with clinched fists.

But Nero halted and hesitated. He gazed around to see if among the Augustians, at least, he could not find fingers turned down in sign of death. His glance rested on the Apostle Peter; those two men looked at each other. It occurred to no one in that brilliant retinue and to no one in that immense throng, that at that moment two powers of the earth were looking at each other, one of which would vanish quickly as a bloody dream, and the other, dressed in simple garments, would seize in eternal possession the world and the city.

Now rage began to possess the multitude. Dust rose from beneath the stamping feet, and filled the amphitheatre. In the midst of shouts were heard cries: "Incendiary! incendiary!" Nero was alarmed. He looked once more at the centurion, at the soldiers; and seeing everywhere frowning brows, excited faces and eyes fixed on him, — he gave the sign for mercy.

Then a thunder of applause was heard from the highest seats to the lowest. And Vinicius, raising his hands to Heaven, cried, "A miracle, a miracle, I believe! I believe!"

SUNDAY THIEVES.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

An adaptation from "Neighbor's Wives."

ARRANGED BY EMMA AUGUSTA GREELY.

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A still, September day, with the peculiar sentiment of the Sabbath breathing in the air, and filling all the silent rooms of the house with its cool hush. The bells have ceased ringing; but Prudence is at home. In the morning she can usually endure a sermon of reasonable length; but in the afternoon it is impossible for her to avoid the sin of drowsiness. And it is so mortifying to the sensitive John to have to keep waking her up, that she has wisely resolved to spend her Sunday afternoons at home. She reads a little, sleeps a good deal, and then, with a basket on her arm, she visits the garden for vegetables. She is sorry the tomatoes are poor and puny. She is fond of tomatoes, and involuntarily looks over the fence into Abel Dane's garden, where there are bushels of nice, ripe ones. "Now, old Mis' Dane, and Abel, too, for that matter, hed just as lives we'd have some of them tomatuses as not. It's a pity to see 'em wasted. They look to me to be a-rottin' on the ground. Anyway, frost'll come and finish 'em 'fore their folks can ever use 'em up. I've a good notion jest to step over and pick a few. They never'd know it; and John'll think they come off'm our own vines."

Up and down and all around she looks, and sees no eye beholding her.

"They've all gone to meeting. Only a few tomatuses. What's the harm I'd like to know? I'm sure I'd ruther any one would have MY tomatuses than leave e'm to rot on the ground. I WILL just step over and take two or three."

"Stepping over" was a rather light and airy way of expressing it. Did you ever see a large woman climb a fence, and didn't laugh? Cautiously feeling the boards till she finds one she has confidence in; hugging

the post affectionately; putting her elbows over the topmost board, and finally getting one foot over; then turning round, as she brings up the other foot; then getting down backwards, very much as she got up, — all this is in the program. Prudence is not nearly so spry as a cat; but give her time, and she is good for any common board fence, providing nobody is looking. At last the feat is accomplished, and she treads carefully among the tomatoes.

Although purposing to pick only a few, they are so large and so plenty that she fills her basket almost before she knows it. Then, it is "SICH a pity to see 'em wasted," she thinks she will put two or three in her apron. Stooping, with broad back to the golden sunshine and blue Sabbath sky; holding up her apron with one hand, and loading it with the other, she is peering among the vines, when suddenly she is startled by a harsh growl. In great fright she looks up and sees Turk bristling at her.

"Massy sakes! why, Turk! don't you know me? Dear me! You never acted so before, Turk! You never barked at ME! Come doggy! poor fellow! poor fellow!"

She reaches out her hand coaxingly, and the brute snaps at it. Then the soul of the woman grows sick within her, and her knees shake. Right before her stands the red-eyed snarling monster, — between her and her basket; and what shall she do!

"Turk, it's ME, Turk! your old friend, doggy!"

He won't dare to bite her, she thinks. And if she dies for it, she must get out of the garden before the folks come from meeting. She makes a charge at her basket. Turk meets her with a terrific leap and snarl, and seizes her apron with his teeth. Involuntarily screaming, she retreats. She clings to the apron with her hands, he with his jaws. She pulls one way, he tugs the other. The string breaks. Prudence loses her hold of the apron, and falls in the entangling tomato-vines.

"I never, never! Oh, dear, dear! What SHALL I do! what SHALL I do?"

Turk seats himself beside her, with his fore paws on her dress, and his red tongue, white teeth, hot breath, and ferocious eyes close to her face.

A sad predicament for a respectable woman, isn't it? Oh, what would she give if she had only stayed in her own garden, and never cast covetous eyes at her neighbor's? If she only had her apron and basket safe and empty the other side of the fence, would she ever, ever do such a thing again? Never, never!

The meetings are out; the wagons have begun to go by, and now the

feet of scattered pedestrians clatter along the wooden village sidewalks. Among those who walk is Prudence's husband, the meek John Apjohn, choking in his Sunday cravat. He passes within a stone's throw of the crushed tomatoes but does not dream that his wife is so near.

And now Prudence can hear the familiar sound of her own gate slammed. John has got home.

"To be sure, Prudy!" begins the cooper as he enters the house, carefully giving his black hat a final polish with his red silk handkerchief before putting it away for the week. "Them was two dreadful good sermons to-day. Desperate smart man, old Mr. Hardwell,—as feeling a preacher as ever I sot under. You should have heard him dwell upon the vanities of this world this afternoon! All our pride and selfishness, and what we call the good things of life, where'll they all be in a few years? You ought to have heard him, Prudy; to be sure! Why, where be you, Prudy?—Prudy—Prudy!"

But there is no Prudence in the house, no Prudence in the garden. "Prudence!" he calls.

What is that? A faint, far-off, stifled scream.

"John! John! help!"

The voice sounds as if it were in the well. Prudence in the well! In an instant the cooper's vivid fancy pictures that excellent and large-sized woman fallen into the deep and narrow cavity. He is at the curb in a second, when—behind him, he hears, "John! come quick!"

"Where be ye? and what's the matter?"

"Here I am, and you'll see what's the matter. Don't make no noise, but come as quick as you can, and get away this horrid dog!"

Then John Apjohn, rushing to the fence, sees the prostrate woman, and sedentary dog, and the guilty tomatoes. He clings to the fence unable to utter a word.

"Quick, I say!" cries Prudence. "Take off this dog, and I'll tell you all about it by'm'by."

Over the fence tumbles the astonished cooper. Turk glares and growls and snaps at the little man as if he would swallow him.

"I can't, Prudy!"

"Ketch right hold of him! Choke him!"

"I da'sn't!"

"If I had a man for a husband!—Git a club! Kill the brute!"

"To be sure! to be sure!" and John starts to find a club. There is a pole leaning on an apple-tree near by. He secures it and the combat begins, with John at one end of the pole and Turk at the other.

Turk seizes his end with his teeth; John holds his in his hands. Turk growls to make John let go; John SHOOES and STEBOYS to make Turk let go.

"Pull it away from him!" exclaims Prudence.

John pulls until the sagacious dog suddenly releases his grip, and leaves the pole with the cooper, who loses his balance, staggers backward rapidly, and sits down in an over-ripe muskmelon.

"Take the pole and knock him on the head with it, hard!"

Up goes the pole, unsteadily and slow.

"Ready?" says John.

"Yes; strike!"

And down comes the heavy, unwieldy weapon. Turk sees it descending and is out of the way before the radius has passed through one half the arc; but it is impossible for the cooper to stay his hold; and the blow falls upon Mrs. Apjohn.

"Now I've killed ye!"

"Don't ye know no better'n to be murderin' me 'stid of the dog!"

"I didn't mean to!"

"Empty out them tomatuses, and throw the basket over the fence, anyway."

"How come the tomatuses in your basket? O Prudy, Prudy!"

"Wal! I s'pose I'm to lay here till doomsday, or till Abel's folks come home. There they come now,—don't they?"

"Yes, they're late. I'll call Abel to come and call off his dog."

"Don't ye for the world! Sit right down; mabby they wont see us!"

"What! ye don't re'ly mean to say you—you've been—hooking the tomatuses?"

"Sit down, I say!" and John sits, hugging his knees, with his chin between them. He feels like a thief; he knows he looks like a thief. And there the three wait—Turk guarding his prisoners.

"Prudy!" whispers John.

"What!"

"It's dreadful! it's dreadful!"

"Hold your tongue!"

"Prudy!"

"What do you want now?"

"I wish you'd gone to meetin' this arternoon Prudy!"

"You can't wish so any more'n I do!"

"If you'd only heard that sermon Prudy?"

"Stop your talk about the sermon!"

"Prudy!"

"Well! what?"

"I wish I was dead!—don't you?"

"I wish this dog was dead!"

Upon which, to convince them that he is not, nor anything like it, Turk begins to bark.

"It's all over now!"

John feels that he can never confront Abel Dane after this, but before he had time to consider what to do, he hears a step in the grass. He twists his neck around on his shoulders, as he crouches, softly turns up his timid glance over the cabbages, and beholds the dreaded visage of Abel Dane.

"Come here, Turk!" says the severe voice of Abel.

Cooper John, having once turned round his head softly turns it back again, and sits still.

Prudence gathers herself up as soon as Turk permits, and begins hurriedly to shake and brush her gown.

"Wal! Abel Dane, this is a pooty sight for Sunday, I s'pose you think! And so it is! And I want to know, now, if you think it's neighborly to keep a brute like that, to tear folks to pieces that jest set a foot on your premises? For here he's kep' me groanin' on my back an hour, if he has a minute. John Apjohn! what are ye shirkin' there for?"

"I am sorry," says Abel, "if my dog has put you to any inconvenience. He didn't bite you, I hope!"

"No! well for him! The fact is jest this, Abel Dane, if you begrutch me a few tomatuses, it's what your father never done before ye, and I never expected it of you: and I'll cheerfully pay you for 'em, if you'll accept of any pay; and my husband here knows I only jest stepped over the fence to save a few that was bein' wasted, which I thought was sech a pity, and you'd jest as lives we'd have 'em; and I meant all the time to tell ye I took some, when that plaguy dog!"—

Here, having poured forth these words in a wild and agitated manner, the woman broke down, and wept and sobbed, and continued confusedly to brush her gown.

"Well, well, neighbors, you're quite welcome to the tomatoes. I haven't known what I should do with 'em all, and I'm glad to get rid of 'em. But whenever you want any more tomatoes, Mrs. Apjohn, you've only to come in through the GATE, and Turk will never molest you."

THE MOURNING VEIL.

ADAPTED FROM A STORY BY J. L. HARBOUR.

(From the Youth's Companion, by permission of the Author.)

A wide, uncovered piazza ran along the front of the Stoner house, and there two little girls, children of a neighbor who had no piazza, were playing "keep house." They had their dolls, dishes and other playthings strewn about, but were beginning to lose interest in housekeeping and "going visiting." Suddenly the younger of them said:

"I'll tell you what—let's play funeral,"

"How?"

"Well, we can play that my Josephine Maude Angelina dolly died, and that we buried her."

"That will be splendid! Let's have her die right off."

Immediately after the death of Josephine Maude Angelina her grief-stricken mother said:

"Now, Katie, we must put crape on the door-knob to let folks know about it. You run over to the house and get mamma's long black veil."

"It ought to be white for a dolly, oughtn't it?" (asked Katie).

"I guess you forget that Josephine Maude was a married doll, and a widow at that, don't you?" (asked Dorothy, a little tartly). "You remember how Teddy Davis's horrid dog chewed poor Josephine's husband up."

Katie went away, and returned soon with a long black mourning veil. It was quickly tied to Mrs. Stoner's front door-bell knob; then the bereft Dorothy's grief broke out afresh, and she wailed and wept so vigorously that Mrs. Stoner put her head out of an upper window and said:

"You little girls are making too much noise down there. Mr. Stoner's sick, and you disturb him. I think you'd better run home and play now. My husband wants to go to sleep."

"How unfeeling!" (said Dorothy, snatching up the dead doll and her other playthings). They departed, quite forgetting to take the veil off the door-knob.

Half an hour afterwards Maria Simmons came down the street, and suddenly stopped in front of the Stoner house.

"My sakes alive! If there ain't crape on the Stoners' door-knob! Poor Sam Stoner! I knew he was sick, but I'd no idea he was at all dangerous. I must stop on my way home and find out about it."

She would have stopped then if it had not been for her eagerness to carry the news to those who might not have heard of it. A little farther on, she met an acquaintance.

"Ain't heard 'bout the trouble up at the Stoners, have you?"

"What trouble?"

"Sam Stoner is dead. There's crape on the door-knob. I was in there yesterday, and Sam was up and 'round the house; but I could see that he was a good deal sicker than he or his wife had any idea of, and I ain't much s'prised."

"My goodness me! I must find time to call there before night."

Mrs. Simmons stopped at the village post-office, ostensibly to ask for a letter, but really to impart her information to Uncle Dan Wales, the talkative old postmaster.

"Heard 'bout Sam Stoner?"

"No. I did hear he was gruntin' 'round a little, but—"

"He won't grunt no more," (said Mrs. Simmons solemnly). "He's dead."

"How you talk!"

"It's so. There's crape on the door."

"Must have been dreadful sudden! Mis' Stoner was in here last evening an' she reckoned he'd be out in a day or two well as ever."

"I know. But he ain't been well for a long time. I could see it if others couldn't."

The news was spreading now from another source, and in a way that caused those who heard it to declare that it was "perfectly scand'lous" for Mrs. Stoner to "carry on so."

Job Higley, the grocer's delivery man, returned from leaving some things at the Stoner house, full of indignation.

"That Mis' Stoner ain't no more feelin' than a lamp-post," (said Job indignantly). There's crape on the door-knob for poor Sam Stoner, an' when I left the groceries Mis' Stoner was fryin' doughnuts cool as a cowcumber an' singin' 'Way down upon the Swanee River' loud as she could screech, an' when I said I was sorry 'bout Sam she just laughed an' said she 'guessed Sam was all right,' an' then if she didn't go to jokin' me 'bout Tildy Hopkins!"

Old Mrs. Peevy came home with an equally scandalous tale.

"I went right over to the Stoners soon as I heard 'bout poor Sam," she said, "an' if you'll b'lieve me, there was Mis' Stoner hangin' out clothes in the back yard. I went right 'round to where she was an' she says jest as flippant, 'Mercy! Mis' Peevy, where'd you drop down from?'"

"I felt so s'prised an' disgusted that I says, 'Mis' Stoner, this is a mighty solemn thing,' an' if she didn't just look at me an' laugh, with the crape for poor Sam danglin' from the front door-bell knob; an' she says, 'I don't see nothin' very solemn 'bout washin' an' hangin' out some o' Sam's old shirts an' underwear that he'll never wear agin. I'm goin' to work 'em up into carpet-rags if they ain't too fur gone fur even that.'"

"'Mis Stoner', I says, 'the neighbors will talk dreadfully if you ain't more careful,' an' she got real angry and said if the neighbors would attend to their business she'd attend to hers. I turned and left without even going into the house."

The Carbury Weekly Star came out two hours later with this announcement:

"We stop our press to announce the unexpected demise of our highly respected fellow-citizen, Mr. Samuel Stoner, this afternoon. A more extended notice will appear next week."

"Unexpected! I should say so!" said Mr. Samuel Stoner, as he read this announcement in the paper. '"A more extended notice next week?" I'll write that notice myself, I'll extend it far enough to let that editor know what I think of him."

"But how did this crape get on the front door?" interrupted Mrs. Stoner. "I found it there when I went out to get the paper. It is the strangest thing, and I—there's the minister coming in the gate! Do calm down, Sam! He's coming to make arrangements for the funeral, I suppose."

Mr. Havens, the minister, was surprised when Mr. Stoner himself opened the door and said:

"Come right in, pastor; come right in. My wife's busy, but if you want to go ahead with the funeral, I'll give you the main points myself."

A MEETING OF ROYALTY.

BY MARGARET DODGE.

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It was not according to the schedule that the special train, consisting of a locomotive, an empty baggage car, and regally equipped private car, Priscilla, should stop for three-quarters of an hour at Mayville Junction. Indeed, in his instructions, the Great Man, who was the car's sole occupant, had provided for a wait of only five minutes. It is a matter of record, however, that for forty-five minutes the official train waited at the lonesome little station on the Indiana prairie. What happened in those forty-five minutes is now given for the first time to the public.

After the Great Man—who was no other than the president of the A. M. & P. Trunk Line, which joins the Atlantic Ocean with the Great Lakes—after the Great Man had taken a perfunctory turn about the little station, he went back to his seat in the white-and-gold drawing-room, and sat down to a game of solitaire. The Great Man was not specially fond of solitaire. But he was still less fond of the thoughts engendered by a two weeks' solitary tour of inspection through the flat, drab, malarial country of the middle West. It was while the president was thus engaged that he was startled by these words, spoken in a shrill little voice—

"If you please, sir, are you the king?"

The moment that elapsed before the Great Man could whirl about in the direction of the voice was long enough for several detached bits of "Alice in Wonderland" to flit through his brain. What he saw, however, when faced around, was simply a very solemn, very pale little girl, who stood with one thin hand on the door knob, and one small, scarlet-stockinged leg well advanced, while her hazel eyes gleamed at him anxiously from under a fuzzy brown hat.

"Really," said the Great Man, good-humoredly, "I don't know—why, yes, now that you speak of it—I suppose I am a sort of king. At least, I believe newspapers call me a railroad king. Won't you come here and sit down?"

The small girl shut the door and slid to his side in a gait that combined a hop and a glide. "I suppose it isn't just the thing to sit down in the presence of royalty, but, you see, I am a princess myself—a fairy princess."

"Indeed. That's very interesting, and I don't like to doubt the word of a lady. But all the fairy princesses of my acquaintance have had wings and spangles, and carried star-tipped wands—and—and all that."

"But that was because you saw them during the performance. I wear wings and spangles and carry a wand myself, in the evenings, and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees. I'm the Princess Iris, in the Golden Crown Opera Company; and if I wore my fairy clothes all the time my wings would fade and the spangles would wear off.

"But you know you don't look a bit like the kings of my acquaintance. They all wear gilt crowns and velvet and ermine robes, and carry sceptres. And, besides, you are a great deal too young."

"I am afraid you have me there; at least, I mean, I suppose you are right. I don't look my part. But, then, I am not performing now myself. We are in the same boat—that is—"

"Oh, you needn't bother to explain, I understand slang. Only I don't talk it myself, now, except when I forget, because the Queen doesn't like it."

"So there is a queen, too, is there? Dear me, we shall soon have the entire royal family."

"Yes, there is a queen, and she is not to be laughed at. In fact, it's partly about her I've come. I—wanted an audience."

"Well, really, I should like to accommodate you, but"—"my train leaves in about one minute, and I don't see exactly how I can."

"Oh, my! Can't you even make your own train wait while a princess talks to you?"

"Well, since you put it that way, I suppose I can," said the Great Man, pressing an electric button. Then, the porter appeared, and glided out again.

"Very likely I don't get half the fun out of being a king that I might. You see, I sometimes forget the extent of my power."

"Ah! yes, that's the very thing I've come to speak to you about. I—I hope you will excuse me if I hurt your feelings. It's like this: I s'pose you've such a big kingdom you don't get a chance to straighten out all things that go wrong."

"And something has gone wrong now, has it?"

"Yes, as wrong as can be. It's the train to Washita. It was put

down on the time-table, you know, to go at four this afternoon, and we all came down to the station to get it. And now they say it may be two hours before it arrives; so, instead of getting to Washita at half-past six it will be long after nine, and we'll be too late to give our performance. And that will be a very d-r-eadful loss to the Queen."

"How's that? One night can't make very much difference."

"Oh, but this is Saturday night and the whole house was sold long ago. Washita's the best show town in the State, you know, and the Queen was counting on the money.

"You see, it's been a dreadfully poor season in the profession, and even the Queen has lost heaps. And just now when she found out we'd be late her face got all white and she hung on to my hand, oh, so hard, and said—It quite upsets me to think of it. The Queen said that she was afraid that the company would have to disband now, and the season's hardly begun."

Two great tears rolled down the white little face.

"That is hard luck! But then, after all she's only a play queen, you know, and I presume she's—well—roughed it before. Anyway you'll probably all find nice engagements soon, and be just as well off as you are now."

"How can you say that? Of course we can't be so happy with any one else. And we all love her dearly. And, besides, if the rest are make-believes she isn't; she's a real queen all the time! I—you must excuse me if I hurt your feelings. The Queen wouldn't like it if she thought I'd done that, and on her account, too; but, you see, I really couldn't bear to have her called a make-believe. And now, I think I'll go back to the station. My auntie and the Queen will be wondering where I am."

"Wait a minute, I want to know more about this real Queen. You know they say all royal families are connected, and she may be a relative of mine."

"No, she isn't, because she told me once that she had no relations left since her father died. You see, she used to live in a big palace in New York in the winter and a stone castle in Newport in the summer, and she had horses, and carriages, and diamonds, and all those things. But she wasn't a queen because she had them, you know, but they belonged to her because she was a queen.

"Well, one day her father died and they found he'd lost all his money, and some that belonged to other people besides, so the Queen had to go on the stage and get some money to take care of herself and to pay back what he borrowed, you know. And that was four years ago,

and now she's paid back all Mr. Denbigh's debts except two thousand dollars—"

"Mr. Denbigh!"

"Why, what's the matter? Ain't you feeling well? Your arm trembles so."

"Oh, yes; quite well. Only I felt so sorry for your Queen."

"I knew you would. Well, as I told you, she paid it all back except just that two thousand dollars, and this season she expected to finish it. And that made her so happy because she doesn't like being a make-believe queen, and it was only on her father's account she did it."

"You're sure it was only that? She didn't care to be famous, after all?"

"Why, how queer your voice sounds. I'm sure you can't be feeling well or you wouldn't say such things. I should think that being a king yourself you'd know that when a person's been a real queen once she wouldn't care about being a make-believe one."

"Now there was one that the Queen knew. She told me just a little about him one day when things seemed very make-believey to her. She put it in a kind of story, you know.

"Do you know, he thought just what you did, because she wouldn't marry him instead of going off for what he called a 'career'? And he'd known her ever since she was a little girl, too, and ought to have known better, oughtn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose he ought. But you see the Queen didn't tell him about—about the money she was paying back. And she was a great deal younger than he, and beautiful, with a voice that people said would make her famous, and he thought that she really cared more to be a stage queen than anything else."

"Tell me, dear, has she still the ring he gave her when she was a little girl?"

"The teenty little forget-me-not ring that she wears on a chain and often kis—But—how did you know? I never told you the rest, and your eyes are so strange."

But the Great Man had risen and was striding rapidly up and down the car. "And Alice really cared for me—she cares for me still, while I, who ought to have stood by her, have only hindered her. And now she needs help, and I with all my money haven't the right to help her. It's too late—I can never make up for the time I've lost."

"I hope you don't mind, but you spoke so loud I couldn't help hearing the last. And if you mean the train to Washita, it isn't too late.

If you could get it here in fifteen minutes—and I s'spose that's easy, for a king—we could give the performance, even if the curtain did ring up late."

"Train to Washita," murmured the Great Man. "Why yes; of course! How stupid of me," and he pressed the electric button.

Then, to the porter, "Ask the conductor to step here."

"The Golden Crown Opera Company has been delayed here," he said, when that official appeared, "and I want them to take this special train to Washita. Put the whole party in my private car. Tell the engineer he must make extra time to get them there at six-thirty. Telegraph ahead for a clear track and to Casstown for supplies, so that dinner may be served in this car. When the train is ready to start step over to the station and tell the company that the train for Washita is waiting. And be sure that everything is done to make them comfortable. I will follow on the regular express."

Then the Great Man found himself suddenly caught in the embrace of what seemed a small-sized tornado. "You really mean it? Oh, I was sure from the beginning that you were a really, truly king, even if you didn't wear a crown and velvet robes. But, you won't go away just when the Queen's coming?"

"Well, you see, the fact is, these meetings with royalty are so unusual for me that I feel hardly prepared for another one the same day. So I think I'll follow in a common car. And in the morning I'll ask for a private audience with the Queen."

GOING TO THE CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

An adaptation from "The Wreck of the Circus."

ARRANGED BY SARA LORD BAILEY.

(Printed by permission of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Publishers.)

Every available space in the town of Berwick was occupied by the gorgeously colored posters of the "GREAT AND ONLY CIRCUS, Royal Amphitheatre, and Grand Aggregation of Living Wonders." And nearly every boy in the village knew that the circus was coming and talked of little else from the moment the mammoth placards appeared; and they speculated as to *how* the money with which to purchase a ticket could be procured. Among some whose minds were not at rest were Teddy Dunham and Phil Barton. On the day before the "Great and Only" was to make its appearance, the two boys met by chance in front of the largest collection of posters, and from the expression on the face of each you would have said the boys were extremely unhappy.

"No, I haven't got the money," said Teddy, "mother says she can't spare it now, times are so hard, an' I haven't had a single chance to earn so much as a cent. But, Phil, I ain't going to give up trying until after the show has opened. Say, Phil, will you go with me to see the show before it gets into town?"

"Course I will, I was counting on doing that much anyhow.

"We'll start by daylight, an' walk as far as the cross-roads. I shan't wait, even to wash my face."

"I'll be all ready."

Then Phil and Teddy separated. Two hours later the friends met again in front of Atwood's store, and there was an expression of deepest gloom on Phil's face, which caused Teddy to ask, "Have your folks shut down on the circus, even if you can earn money to buy a ticket?"

"They might just as well, for mother and father are reckoning on leaving early to-morrow morning for a visit to Aunt Hannah, an' won't be

back till evening, and I've got to take care of baby from morning till night."

"Well, you are in a fix! Don't you suppose you could take the baby down to the cross-roads. Ain't he three years old?"

"What of that? He couldn't travel five miles, could he! As to lugging him, he's heavier than lead. So I'll have to stay at home, I've got Sam on my hands till night."

"If we can earn the money to buy tickets, just as likely as not we could run Sam in for nothing. I ain't certain, but I'll bet we can take him with us, and when your mother comes home, why, she'll be glad the baby had a good time."

Phil did not feel positive—but this was a sound argument; so, after an exceedingly brief struggle with his conscience, the matter was ended, and once more came the question as to how the money might be procured. This was a problem which Teddy could not solve as readily as he had the one regarding Sam.

The morning on which the "Great and Only" was to exhibit dawned as bright and fair as could have been desired. It was a great relief to Phil when the carriage was at the door and his mother ready for departure—"I know you can be trusted, Philip. Remember that Sammie is only a baby, and be patient with him. If we are not home by sunset put him to bed." Then the carriage was whirled away; and Phil was left with Sam and his conscience.

It was not yet seven o'clock when an unusual commotion told that the "Aggregation of Living Wonders" was approaching the town. An hour later and Teddie, breathless with excitement, rushed in—

"She's come, Phil!" he shouted. "Why, them pictures don't begin to tell half that belongs to this circus. I never saw such horses an' beasts in my life. And the wagons! Well, more gold on 'em than would buy two such towns as this! And say, Phil, they've got three bands of music. I don't believe a circus of the kind was ever here before, an' we've got to get in some way! Hurrah! There she comes! There she comes! Now, Phil, you're going to see something."

Strains of music told of the approach of the "Great and Only," and from that moment until the end of the cavalcade had passed, neither the boys nor the baby heeded anything save the gorgeous procession, which caused the dusty road to appear a perfect blaze of color. Then Teddy assumed an air of business, leaped down from the veranda—"Now, I've got to leave. There's no time to lose. Phil, you go over by the circus grounds. I'll be sure to find you." And Teddy departed hurriedly.

Phil no longer thought of duty; he locked the door carefully and taking little Sam by the hand started for the circus grounds.

He had been on the enchanted ground half an hour or more when he heard a familiar cry—"Hi! Phil! Hold on a minute!"

Then Teddy, carrying two water-pails, came toward him. "I've struck just the kind of a job I was hunting after. I'm just the same as one of the circus men now. I'm luggin' water for the horses. It ain't five minutes since I had my arms 'round the neck of that spotted pony. That's what you call a stunner!"

"Will they really let you go in and out of there as often as you like?"

"Of course. Didn't I say I was luggin' water for the horses and I'm going to get two tickets for the show. Though I'd been willing to do it for nothing rather'n not had the chance. Say, why can't you help me?"

Phil actually forgot the baby and seized one of the pails, when he suddenly remembered his charge. "How can I? The baby couldn't run back and forth."

"Put him right down on the ground an' chuck a couple of rocks on his dress; that'll hold him."

"Yes, an' he'd yell loud enough to break up the whole show—there's Sadie Parker! I wonder if I gave her my 'agates' if she wouldn't take care of him a spell?" Hurriedly Phil made his way to where Sadie was standing; and in a few moments she was engaged as temporary nurse for little Sam. The boys worked until streams of perspiration ran down their flushed faces, but there was no thought of relinquishing their proud positions as water-carriers to the circus horses. Noon came and Teddy's employer still demanded more water. The boys worked until every barrel and pail in the tent had been filled. "Now Teddy, you go and get the tickets and I'll take Sam and hang 'round in front of the big tent till you come." Phil hurriedly made his way to the spot where he had last seen Sadie and the baby, but—failing to find either—he ran from one end of the grounds to the other, inquiring eagerly for the missing nurse of every acquaintance he met until he was nearly breathless, when Leander Phinney told him he had seen Sadie Parker on her way home and that she was alone. Phil stood gazing around him in perplexity, and then with the utmost haste he started for the Parker home. Sadie having seen him from the window, came quickly out into the street—"Didn't you find the baby where I left him? I stayed with him just as long as I could, for mother told me if I wasn't home by dinner time I couldn't go to the circus this afternoon. I left the baby with a woman and she said she'd

take care of him till you came, I don't know but I think she belonged to the circus."

"Did she promise to stay right in that spot?"

"I don't know as those were her very words; but she said she'd take care of him."

Phil was bewildered, he stood for an instant staring blankly at Sadie, then turning, ran back to the tenting-ground at full speed. He was darting here and there, hoping even against hope that he might by accident stumble upon the baby when Teddy confronted him.

"Say, you're a nice fellow for a partner, ain't you?"

"But Sam's lost, Teddy, I can't find him." And Phil repeated what had been told him.

"O! it's all right if one of the show women took him. I suppose he's inside the big tent this minute, he's bound to be there. Come on; let's go in and we'll have hold of Sam in no time."

At last Phil was inside the magic portals, but this fact did not give him the pleasure he had expected. On every hand were fancifully painted cages containing animals yet he paid little attention to them or the herd of elephants which would have held him spell bound under different circumstances.

"Hold on! Where are you going? Just look at that cage of monkeys, will you?"

"I can't stop now, Teddy. I've got to find Sam."

It seemed to Phil as if fully half the afternoon had passed before Teddy finally announced his willingness to enter the main tent where both believed the baby would be found.

The spacious tent was filled almost to overflowing. "What shall I do, Teddy? We couldn't find him here in a month, even if he was huntin' for us."

"I think you'll have to wait till this crowd clears out."

It was no longer possible for Phil to restrain his tears; the big drops chased each other down his cheeks. If at that moment he could have thrown himself down at his mother's knee, knowing little Sam was safe at home, how gladly would he receive such punishment as she might see fit to inflict. Unfortunately this could not be.

The frightened boy ran to and fro, like one frantic he darted from point to point. It was as if the baby had disappeared from off the face of the earth. He had no idea of the flight of time. It might have been five minutes or half an hour, when he was aroused by the cry—"Hi! Phil! Phil Barton! Sam's all right; he's with the woman who took him

from Sadie Parker. One of the men said he saw something-or-other Marie going into the dressing-room with a strange youngster."

Phil soon found the dressing-room. "Teddy Dunham says our baby's here, an' I've got to come in," he said to the burly fellow who barred the passage.

"Are you after the kid M'lle Marie brought in? He's in the women's dressing-room; but neither you nor I can go in there until the show is over."

"But I must, I've got to get Sam."

"Oh, you must, eh? The rule of this 'ere show is that nobody is allowed in the women's dressing-room, an' I'm here to see that it ain't broken. You come back when the performance is over. You'd better follow my advice, my boy, 'cause you won't get him any sooner."

Almost mechanically Phil retraced his steps. Loud strains of music told that the performance had begun; yet he hesitated to join the audience lest every finger should be pointed at him as a boy who had deserted his baby brother for the questionable pleasure of carrying water to the circus horses. While he stood leaning against the wheel of a wagon, a loud, sudden peal of thunder seemed to cause the very earth to tremble, and the caged animals darted to and fro across their narrow prisons in alarm. Another peal, even louder than the first, and then a fierce gust of wind swept down upon the canvas structure. A flash of ightning, another angry roar from the heavens, which was greeted with a howl of fear from the occupants of the cages, then it seemed to Phil as if the tent was lifted high in the air. He heard shrill screams of women, the hoarse shouts of men, the sharp flapping of the tent, and in another instant, just as the struggling mass of human beings attempted to force their way out, the tents of the "Great and Only" collapsed, burying spectators and employees alike.

At first Phil was conscious of being held down and to extricate himself, or even to so much as move a hand, was impossible. He thought of the baby smothering, dying, and he not only realized, but magnified the consequences of his disobedience to his parents. The howling and shrieking of the wind could be heard above the din caused by the animals, and the wet canvas was tossed up and down violently. As the heavy canvas was lifted by the wind, Phil involuntarily moved to one side or the other, until he suddenly found himself at the very outermost edge of the covering; and when the next blast of wind raised the imprisoning weight he rolled himself free. Starting to his feet he ran hurriedly, with

a horrible fear tugging at his heart, toward that portion where the dressing-room had been located but it was impossible for him to find it. There was before him only a mass of sodden canvas from beneath which came cries of agony. Phil shouted the baby's name at the full strength of his lungs; but his voice was a whisper compared with the deafening din. After what seemed like a very long time the employees of the "Great and Only" and the uninjured citizens of the town began their work of rescue.

While Phil was searching for the ruins of the dressing-room a bare-headed boy, whose clothing was torn until it literally hung in rags cried out "Did you find Sam yet?"

"Is that you Teddy?"

"It seems something that way, though I've been pretty nigh squeezed out of myself. Did you get hurt?"

"I wish I had, I'd rather been killed than to have to go home an' tell mother poor little Sam is there." And Phil threw himself down on the water-soaked canvas and gave himself up wholly to grief. Both he and Teddy were drenched to the skin.

"See here, Phil, this won't do. In the first place there are none killed—there's Mr. Hannaford, we'll ask him what to do."

"The proper course for you boys is to make a house-to-house search. The little fellow would be given over to the neighbors." Phil hardly waited for the gentleman to cease speaking before he started followed by Teddy.

"You go on that side of the road an' I'll take this," he shouted, and the house-to-house search was begun. No one had seen the baby, and each person appeared to be so preoccupied with his own suffering, or that of his neighbor, that but little sympathy was extended.

An hour passed, and Phil's heart grew faint, when Teddy said, "gracious, Phil, we didn't ask at the hotel!"

"Of course not, they wouldn't take our Sam there."

But Teddy literally forced his friend to accompany him, and the two boys stood panting in the office of the hotel. "All the circus women are on the second floor and M'lle Marie is in No. 14," the proprietor said.

"There, what did I tell you?" Teddy cried triumphantly. But Phil did not wait for further information, he hurried up the stairs and knocked at Number 14, and a voice responded, "Come in."

Teddy entered first, and before he was fairly inside the room, Phil darted past him, crying hysterically as he ran toward the bed on which a baby lay sleeping peacefully—

"O, Sam! Sam! I have found you, and you ain't dead!" Phil no longer thought Sam a heavy burden, but, raising him in his arms, staggered out of the room, with a hymn of thanksgiving in his heart that his brother's life had been spared.

Without any attempt to excuse himself, Phil told the whole story to his mother, who without a single word of reproof caught him in her arms and gently kissed him.

THE STORY OF CHRISTINE ROCHEFORT.

BY HELEN CHOATE PRINCE.

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INTRODUCTION.

Christine D'Arcy, the daughter of a French noble family, married a wealthy chocolate manufacturer, Gaston Rochefort.

Having been educated in England, she has more liberal views than her relatives, and sympathizes sincerely with the troubles and anxieties of the working people. She had helped them in a thousand little ways, unknown to anyone. She even listened to the views of Paul de Marte who, although belonging to the nobility himself, had gone over to the agitators who have been disturbing the town.

This poor little aristocrat meant well, but he made most of the trouble among the people.

A strike has been inaugurated, and the people refuse to make any compromise.

Gaston Rochefort has become severely embarrassed by the stopping of the works, has reduced his home establishment, and just before the following scene begins, has gone to Paris to sell out his stables.

* * * * * * * * *

Dinner was a mockery as Christine sat alone, served by the silent Francois.

"No coffee to-night, François," she said as she left the room, and slowly went upstairs to her own fire; she shivered a little as she sat down to read. Her dog, Thor, stretched himself beside her, and slept happily after his dinner. Christine could not fix her attention on her book. How still the house was!

Ah, that must be the wind rising, that low, irregular murmur. Was it the wind that sounded like a woman's cry? Was the river rising? The confused noise grew louder and nearer; it could not be the river, for it came from the direction of the bridge towards which the water flowed. A loud ringing at the gate distracted her attention for a moment.

Then a thought came to Christine that stiffened her with terror for a moment, and prevented her from moving—it was a mob.

Christine heard the hoarse growl, grown louder and fiercer, while high, maddened shrieks soared at intervals above the steady under-current. Thor heard it, too, and burst into loud, snapping barks, jumping frantically to get through the closed shutters. She rang the bell, but while her hand was still on the rope the door burst open, and the frightened servants huddled in.

"The mob, madame, the mob, the mob," they cried.

"Be calm. François, are the doors all locked?"

"Yes, madame, they are."

By this time the mob had rushed into the garden and the house was surrounded. The cries, ever louder and fiercer, rose in the night air, and the words "Down with the Rochefort woman" were plainly heard. As they were repeated, a new spirit stirred Christine's breast, her eyes flashed and her nostrils dilated; the haughty pride of her race lying dormant within her awoke.

Leaving the door she went quickly into the hall, Thor following, and without a moment's hesitation undid the long window that opened upon a balcony and stepped out. The crowd of frantic creatures below stopped for a time their wild cries and gazed in silence.

She stood with her figure clearly outlined, her head held high, her long velvet cloak sweeping back over her shoulders; her hair, stirred by the night wind, caught the light behind her and gleamed a pale gold. In the momentary silence her voice rang out firm and contemptuous—

"I am here—the Rochefort woman. What do you want?"

A yell answered her from the surging mass below—a yell that would have frozen her blood had it been less hot with anger than it was; she raised her hand commanding silence, and they listened.

"I am not afraid of you. I have done you no harm, and it is only the guilty who fear. Let one of you tell me what you want, so I may understand this riot."

One of them gave a laugh that was half a groan, as he answered, "Done us no harm? Is it no harm to be spending enough in one day for your pleasure to keep us from starvation for a week? You have never lifted your hand for us who have built up your husband's fortune. You do not know us by sight, and now that we are dying from hunger, you never come near us. I call that harm enough."

"And I call you cowards to come a hundred of you against one

woman. Let two or three come into the house, and I will talk quietly with them, but I will not be frightened by your threats."

She had impressed them by her fearlessness and unmistakable superiority. Two or three of the leaders spoke together while the rest stood cowed into submission. She seemed almost a being from another sphere for the space of perhaps a moment; then some one threw an empty bottle at her. It whizzed through the air and struck the house just above her, and she shrank from the scattered pieces. The spell was broken, the divinity became a woman,—a hated woman again, and the tumult burst forth with fresh fury. Amid the din of shrieks and screams she could catch the words "money, starvation"; then a voice high and hoarse called out, "Burn the house down, and stifle the rat in her hole."

At these words the confusion increased. Christine, could distinguish figures running behind the house towards the stable. A curious numbness held her spellbound. These were the people she had longed to live among; for their sufferings she had agonized, and they were going to kill her. She was not conscious that her heart beat the faster for the thought. She was turning to stone, she believed, but not a detail of the scene escaped her. Now she heard a rustling sound, and the peaceful odor of hay came to her, as the men returned from the stables, their arms filled with it.

Suddenly there was a diversion. The crowd below cried out, "the little aristocrat!" and Christine felt now she no longer feared, she heard Paul de Martel's voice ring out, "Stop where you are. What are you doing here, my men? This is the way to hurt our cause, not help it."

"Monsieur, we're starving, and that woman goes in velvet while we freeze."

"Ah," said Paul, easily, "it does not sound fair, I grant, but you are not helping to right it; listen to me, all of you. Silence there! I am going to tell you something to send you home at once, and you'll be glad I saved you from a terrible wrong. Madame is your friend and"—

A coarse, insulting laugh drowned his words, and the man jeered, "Ah, my boys, you needn't believe a thing he says."

Paul, beside himself with anger, made a dash at the speaker and struck him. "You villain!" The man fell as though he were shot, but the tide of favor was turned by the act against Paul. A dozen men surrounded him. Christine heard a struggle and hard breathing; then suddenly the hay, lighted at intervals, blazed up, and in the vivid glare

she saw him held by two sturdy men, a woolen scarf tied over his face, but still struggling.

An exultant cry echoed through the garden as the flames grew higher and licked the side of the house; they made the terrible scene luridly brilliant to the silent spectators on the balcony. Now she could see the faces of the crowd animated by hungry ferocity as some ran busily to and fro, bringing boards torn from the summer house to feed the fire, while others warmed their thin, gaunt hands before it.

What a pitiful sight it was, all these poor, half-starved men, driven by want to desperate deeds.

But the pity that had been so long the key-note of Christine's character was strangled by anger.

She had been too stunned to think of anything, but suddenly a hope came to her, certainly some one would come from the town to save them; some one would see the light of the fire. And even as the hope came it died. The house was on the edge of the town. If Paul had failed, no one else could succeed. She must face death, and death by fire. She turned cold, and then a flush born of agony swept over her when she thought of her helpless servants, who would share her fate.

She bent over the balcony and tried to make some one listen to her prayer to set free those who had done nothing to arouse their hate, but in vain; one or two among the crowd saw her imploring gestures, and answered them by a mocking laugh; and so the work of destruction went on.

Suddenly over the noise and tumult rang out a cry of one delivered, and the demon-driven mob looking up, saw Christine extending her arms. They turned towards the place her eyes were fixed upon, and they saw the abbé, Christine's friend; he had climbed the wall, and with one bound was in their midst. His head was bare, and they instinctively fell aside before his rapid progress towards the house. Trampling on the burning hay, he sprang up the front steps, and turning towards them he lifted a crucifix on high, while he knelt as if before the altar.

The people stood as if struck by lightning, some holding heavy boards just ready to throw on the flames, some stopping in their mad course for more fuel; and then in the breathless silence the abbé cried:

"Go, go, and thank God you are saved from a deed of horror and its consequences. The regiment is ordered out, and is almost here."

SERGIUS TO THE LION.

BY LEW WALLACE.

An adaptation from "The Prince of India." Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

ARRANGED BY SARA LORD BAILEY.

INTRODUCTION.

The scene is laid in Constantinople, during the reign of the last Constantine. The Princess Irene, kinswoman to the emperor and greatly beloved by all the people, is a firm friend of the monk Sergius. The monk, although belonging to the order of Hegumen, has professed a simpler creed. The Princess Irene, whom Sergius terms "Little Mother," for she has been an inspiration to him in his belief, shares with him this same creed. A short time previous to the opening of our scene Sergius has publicly announced his faith to rest on the creed, "I believe in God and Jesus Christ, His Son." For this the Hegumen called him "The Heretic," and had him condemned to the old lion Tamerlane, in the Cynegion. Nilo, a huge African, formerly a savage, but who was attached to the Princess Irene and Sergius, had been imprisoned on account of services rendered to Sergius, the monk.

* * * * * * * * *

About ten o'clock of the morning a woman, thickly veiled, appeared and applied to a boatman for passage to the Cynegion. Twice the woman asked if she could have a seat.

"How many of you are there?"

"I am alone."

"You want the boat alone?"

"Yes."

"Well, that can't be. I have seats for several; and wife and four babies at home told me to make the most of them."

"But I will pay you for all the seats."

"Full five?" "Yes."

"Jump in, then, while I push through these howling water-dogs."

"Look! here is a bezant. Friend, row me swiftly to the first gate of the Cynegion, and the piece is yours."

"By my blessed patron! I'll make you think you are on a bird, and that these oars are wings. Now!"

And in a trice he was going at racing speed. The boats in the harbor were moving in two currents, one up, the other down. The interest was at the farther end of the line, and the day a holiday to the two cities, Byzantium and Galata. Yet the woman said never a word after the start, but sat with head bowed and her face buried in her hands.

"We are nearly there," he at length said.

"Please put me ashore here. I have no time to lose."

In a few minutes she was on land. She started hastily for the gate. Within the Cynegion, she kept on, and ere long was brought to the grand stand on the north. She approached a soldier.

"Good friend, is the heretic who is to suffer here yet?"

"He was brought out last night."

"Poor man! I am a friend of his—may I see him? What are your orders?"

"Not to admit any one."

"To the cells?"

"The cells and the arena also."

"O! I see. You can let me stand at the gate yonder?"

"Well—yes. But if you are the monk's friend, why do you wish to see him die?"

She made no reply, but took from a pocket a bezant, and contrived to throw it's yellow gleam in the sentinel's eyes.

"I do not ask you to violate your orders. Only let me go to the gate and see the man when he is brought out."

"Very well. I can see no harm in that. Go."

The gate in question was open-barred, and permitted a view of nearly the whole circular interior. The spectacle presented was so startling she caught one of the bars for support. Throwing back the veil, she looked, breathing sighs which were almost gasps. The circular arena was fifty feet in diameter and thickly strewn with wet sand. There were walls 20 feet high, shutting it in like a pit, and on top of them, on the ascending seats back to the last one—was it a cloud she beheld? A second glance, and she recognized the body of spectators, men, women and children, compacted against the sky. How many of them there were! Thousands and thousands! She clasped her hands and prayed. An hour passed thus. If she were indeed a poor, love-lorn creature come to steal a last look at the unfortunate, she eked small comfort from her study of the cloud of humanity on the benches. Their jollity, their frequent

laughter and hand-clapping reached her in her retreat. "Merciful God! Are these beings indeed in Thy likeness?" Suddenly the crowd became impatient, and the occupants of the benches applauded long and merrily, crying, "Tamerlane! Tamerlane!" The woman shrank back terrified. At length a man entered the arena from the western gate. Going to the centre, he looked carefully around him; as if content with the inspection, he went next to a cell and knocked. Two persons responded by coming out of the door; one, an armed guardsman, the other, the monk. The latter wore a black gown dropping to his feet, its sleeves of immoderate length, completely muffling his hands. Instantly the concourse on the benches arose. There was no shouting—one might have supposed them all suddenly seized with shuddering sympathy. But directly a word began passing from mouth to mouth. At first it was scarcely more than a murmur; soon it was a byname on every tongue:

"The heretic! The heretic!"

His guard conducted him to the centre of the field and left him there. Sergius, calm, resigned, fearless, turned to the east, rested his hands on his breast palm to palm, closed his eyes and raised his face. They who saw him with his head upturned, the sunlight a radiant imprint on his forehead, and wanting only a nimbus to be the Christ in apparition, ceased jeering him; it seemed to them that in a moment, without effort, he had withdrawn his thoughts from this world and surrendered himself. They could see his lips move. He was saying, "I believe in God and Jesus Christ, His Son." A trumpet rang out from the stand. A door at the left of the tunnel gate was then slowly raised; whereupon a lion stalked out of the darkened depths, and stopped on the edge of the den. He turned his ponderous head from right to left and up and down, like a prisoner questioning if he were indeed at liberty. Having viewed the sky and the benches, and filled his deep chest with ample draughts of fresh air, suddenly Tamerlane noticed the monk. The head rose higher, the ears erected, and, snuffing like a hound, he fretted his shaggy mane; his yellow eyes changed to coals alive, and he growled and lashed his sides with his tail. A majestic figure was he now. He stepped out into the arena, and shrinking close to the sand, inched forward, creeping toward the object of his wonder. Sergius was prepared for the attack, but as a non-resistant, if indeed he thought of battle, he was not merely unarmed—the sleeves of his gown deprived him of the use of his hands. From the man to the lion—from the lion to the man—the multitude turned shivering. Presently the lion stopped, whined and behaved uneasily. Was he afraid? He began trotting around at the base of the

wall, halting before the gates, and seeking an escape. From the trot he broke into a gallop, without so much as a glance at the monk. A murmur descended from the benches. It was the people recovering from their horror, and impatient. They yelled at the cowardly beast, "Shame, shame, Tamerlane! shame!" In the height of this tempest the gate of the tunnel under the grand stand opened quickly, and was as quickly shut. Death brings no deeper hush than fell upon the assemblage then. A woman was crossing the sand toward the monk! Round sped the lion, forward she went! Two victims! Well worth the monster's hunger through the three days to be so banqueted on the fourth! She was robed in white. The dress, the action, the seraphic face, were not infrequent on the water, and especially in the churches; recognition was instantaneous, and through the eager, crowded ranks the whisper flew:

"God o' Mercy! It is the Princess—the Princess Irene!"

Strong men covered their eyes, women fainted. Innumerable arms were outstretched, and cries filled the arena with, "Save her! Save her! Let the lion be killed!" Then Nilo looked out of his cell. He saw the monk, the Princess, and the lion making its furious circuit—saw them, and retreated; but a moment after reappeared, attired in the savageries which were his delight. In the waistbelt he had a short sword, and over his left shoulder a roll like a fisherman's net. The Princess reached Sergius safely, and placed a hand on his arm.

"Fly, little mother—by the way you came—fly! O God! it is too late—too late."

"No, I will not fly. Did I not bring you to this? Let death come to us both. Better the quick work of the lion than the slow torture of conscience. I will not fly. We will die together. I too believe in God and Jesus Christ, His Son."

She reached up and rested her hand upon his shoulder. The repetition of the Creed and her companionship restored his courage, and smiling, despite the tears on his cheeks, he said:

"Very well, little mother. The army of the martyrs will receive us, and the dear Lord is at His mansion door to let us in."

The lion now ceased galloping. Stopping over in the west quarter of the field, he turned his big, burning eyes on the two thus resigning themselves, and crouching, put himself in motion toward them—his mane all on end, his jaws agape, the crimson tongue lolling adrip below the lips, bent upon his prey. The near thunder of his roaring was exultant and awful. Nilo, taking position between the devoted pair and their enemy, shook the net from his shoulder with practised hand, and pro-

ceeded to give an example of his practice with lions in the jungles of Kash-Cush. Keeping the brute steadily eye to eye, he managed so that while retaining the leaden balls tied to its disengaged corners one in each hand, the net was presently in an extended roll on the ground before him. Leaning forward then, his hands bent inwardly knuckle to knuckle at his breast, he waited the attack—to the beholders a figure in shining ebony, giantesque in proportions, Phidian in grace. Tamerlane stopped. Nilo's intent was to bide the lion's leap, and catch and entangle him in the net. What nerve and nicety of calculation—what certainty of eye—what knowledge of the savage nature dealt with—what mastery of self, limb and soul were required for the feat! Just at this crisis there was a tumult in the grand stand. Those who turned that way saw a man in glistening armor pushing through the brethren there in most unceremonious sort. In haste to reach the front, he stepped from bench to bench. On the edge of the wall he tossed his sword and shield into the arena, and next instant leaped after them. Before astonishment was spent, before they could comprehend the intruder, or make up their minds to so much as yell, he had fitted the shield to his arm, snatched up the sword, and run to the point of danger. There he took place behind Nilo, but in front of the Princess and the monk. His agility, his amazing spirit, together with the thought that the fair woman had yet another champion, wrought the whole multitude into ecstasy. They sprang upon the benches, and those who but a little before had cheered the lion now prayed aloud for his victims. Tamerlane surveyed the benches haughtily once, then set forward again, intent on Nilo. The movement, in its sinuous, flexile gliding, resembled somewhat a serpent's crawl. And now he neither roared nor growled. The lolling tongue dragged the sand; the beating of the tail was like pounding with a flail; the mane all erect trebly enlarged the head; and the eyes were like live coals in a burning bush. The people hushed. Nilo stood firm; and behind him the Italian, Count Corti, kept guard. Thirty feet away—twenty-five—twenty—then the great beast stopped, collected himself, and with an indescribable roar launched clear of the ground. Up, at the same instant, and forward on divergent lines, went the leaden balls; the netting they dragged after them had the appearance of yellow spray blown suddenly in the air. When the monster touched the sand again he was completely enveloped. And before the spectators realized the altered condition Nilo was stabbing him with the short, glistening sword. The pride of the Cynegion lay still—then the benches found voice; "Free! free! Sergius is free! Heaven hath signified its will."

THE DILEMMA.

BY JOHN S. WOOD.

An adaptation from "Yale Yarns."

ARRANGED BY SARA LORD BAILEY.

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INTRODUCTION.

Little Jack Horner had been over to New London to witness the annual boat-race between Harvard and Yale, and on the evening of his return several of his friends gathered in his room to hear the report, and this is what he gave them.

* * * * * * * *

I took my aunt and sister to the hotel the night before the race so as to be ready for the morning boat. I found the gang all there, the hotel was crowded, and my aunt and sister had a room just opposite to mine on the top floor. Some of the Harvard men had a room next to mine, and I foolishly unbolted the door between—you see, I know some of those dear Harvard boys almost as well as I know you. Well, they celebrated a good deal in the usual Harvard way, up to about three o'clock, and then things quieted down and all hands went to sleep.

When I woke up it was broad daylight. I sprang out of bed and looked at my watch. It was nearly ten o'clock and the race was to be at eleven. I rushed about the room looking for my clothes, but my clothes, my valise and everything was gone. I looked in the next room, I looked out in the hall—there wasn't a soul in sight. My aunt and sister were not in their room. I opened the window and looked out. Crowds of people were walking toward the wharf to take the boat to the race. What was I to do? Those dear Harvard friends of mine thought it a good joke on me, I suppose, to steal my clothes and take themselves off to the race without waking me up. I shouted and shouted, but no one re-

sponded. I was nearly wild in my anguish, when I heard a tap at my door and my sister's voice saying—

"Jack, do hurry. Aunt has a headache and can't go to the race, and we'll have to go without her. Please hurry."

"Molly, they've stolen all my clothes, those Harvard friends"—

"Well, haven't you anything?"

"Not a thing, dear, not a thing. Can't you get me something to put on? I must see that race."

"I haven't anything except some dresses and one of Aunt Sarah's."

"That's it! Get my Aunt Sarah's black silk! I haven't seen 'Charlie's Aunt' for nothing. I'll wear anything rather than not see that race!"

Mollie laughed, she had seen "Charlie's Aunt," too. So she tossed me my aunt's black silk dress, lace cap, bonnet, and veil over the transom. And in five minutes I looked very much like a nice old lady out to see the sights. Mollie was quick and got me out of the hotel, and we hurried down to the wharf without any one suspecting me. But there, alas, we found the boat was gone! But, as luck would have it, one of Molly's school friends, with a lot of girls and Harvard men were going to see the race on a private steam yacht, and were only waiting for their chaperons to come from the hotel. Molly talked with her friend, and introduced me. I played my part of "Charlie's Aunt" in good style, and they asked me if I would be willing to chaperon the crowd. Well, I was willing, you can better believe; for it was late, and I wanted to see the race the worst way.

The Harvard men got us all in their launch as quickly as possible, and started off just as the real chaperons put in an appearance on the wharf. They waved and waved and shouted, but we weren't going to put back; and off we sped up the river. I couldn't ask for better treatment than I received. They gave me the most comfortable seat in the boat under an awning. Molly presented all the girls one by one. Several of them kissed me. I pretended to be a little seasick and retired to the cabin to get away from them. The steward gave me some delicious clam broth. Then Molly came down and said, "Aunt, dear, we are going under the bridge now, won't you come out on deck?"

"I shall be delighted, my dear," I said, and she whispered, "Now, Jack, do be careful, and don't begin to shout when you catch sight of the crew."

"Oh, you can trust me, I've seen 'Charlie's Aunt' three times."

Well, I went out on deck, and they placed my chair in the best possible

place to see, and put a footstool under my feet. Friends, I tried my best to be calm and easy, but the air, the clam broth, the sight of the yachts, and the great excitement I always felt, and always shall feel, just before a race at New London—what chap could help giving a yell as the 'Varsity slipped out across the river with that perfect, smooth, equal, beautiful stroke? And there, boys, were four of my old crew—for me to sit there in my Aunt Sarah's black silk dress and see four of my old crew, and not yell!—and not get up and let 'em know that Little Jack was there with his eye on 'em, and with them just the same as if he was in the boat, and rooting for 'em—well, it was madness! Boys, the tears rolled down my cheeks, I was so excited. My sister said it was the bright sunlight and made me put up a parasol!

And then, out came Harvard, in very good style, too, and lined up alongside. There was but a very little delay, then they were off! Harvard jumped away with the lead, but it didn't last long. Yale slowly walked up. Well, when Yale forged a foot or two ahead, I could stand it no longer. I jumped up on my chair and yelled, "Yale! Yale! Yale! Brekity Kex—coax—coax—got 'em again—got 'em again! Paraboloo! Ya—ale!!!" Then, I sat down in a hurry, and you ought to have seen my Harvard friends. You know what a voice I've got—it reached across the river, and yon chaps on the "moving grand stand" heard it and yelled back. Consternation reigned on our yacht! Not only on account of the race, but on account of me. My sister pinched me until I nearly yelled again, pulled my shawl close around my neck and told them it was only a "paroxysm," whatever that was.

"Your aunt seems quite disposed to give vent to her enthusiasm," said one of the Harvard men. "But I hope you will persuade her—as this is a Harvard yacht—we would prefer not to encourage Yale."

"I think I never heard such a shrill cry," said another. "I fancy your aunt must have been in great pain."

"She has not been well for a long time, trouble here," and my sister sadly touched her forehead. The girls looked at me more in sorrow than anger. They believed I was deranged. When we came up alongside of our crew, who were resting on their oars, just under the great bridge, a Harvard man leaned down and calmly whispered in my ear, "Yell all you want to. Yell!—we've a plan to 'do' you up later, and you may as well have all the fun you can out of it now!"

I thanked him and stood up and yelled! I gave 'em the rebel yell "Whah-o-o-o Yale!" three times.

When we returned, I was the last one to step into the launch to go

ashore, and a Harvard man quietly gave me a sudden push, and over I went, head first, into the water. My sister screamed, but they pretended they didn't notice anything and the launch sputtered off leaving me to swim ashore, or go down and see the oysters below. The sailors aboard the yacht looked over the side and laughed at me.

Indeed I must have been a queer looking object! My bonnet came off and floated away in the water as I started for the shore. After a few minutes swim, I was glad enough to hear a familiar voice call out, "Hello, Jack, is that you? What in creation are you doing in that rig?"

I told them it was all right, I was just out for a swim in a hired bathing suit.

MY DETECTIVE INSTINCT.

BY EMMA M. WISE.

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It was my first experience as a detective. Up to that time I had never played a part except in amateur theatricals at home.

This is the advertisement responsible for all the mischief:

"WANTED—A lady detective for about a week in a private boarding-house. One who can make acquaintances easily preferred. Address, stating price per day, by whom employed in the past, reliability and references. (Letters confidential.) XYZ Daily Telegram."

Under the glow of its influence I indited the following letter to XYZ:

"Having no case on my hands at present, I will investigate the trouble at your boarding-house for $5.00 per day, exclusive of room and board. I am reliable, energetic and faithful. My business is always kept strictly private, therefore I must beg to be excused from giving the particulars asked for. Neither do I sign my name when communicating with a total stranger. Should you care to hear from me further, address me under cover of LMN Daily Telegram."

And on Tuesday morning when I called at the Telegram office for my mail, I received my first surprise.

"Call at my home tomorrow (Tuesday) at three o'clock for interview.

"(Mrs.) JANE RENNECKER, 360 Oak street.

"P. S. Do not delay. There is a thief in my house."

The letter was not in itself startling. Neither was it strange. The surprise lay in the fact that the writer was my own landlady!

For more than six months I had been living in fancied security at 360 Oak street, had become pretty well acquainted with all the boarders, and I rapidly took a mental photograph of all the habits, peculiarities and dispositions of each as I remembered them. In the first place, the servants, Mrs. Rennecker, her son Jasper, and I—Constance Stewart—were undoubtedly above suspicion. The guilty person must be one of six young men living on the second and third floors. It might be Mr. Baker who sat at the foot of the table and ate all the celery. I had never

liked Mr. Baker very well, anyway. Or it might be Mr. Ketchum, who walked in his sleep; or Mr. Harkness might have done it; Mr. Harkness smoked cigarettes. Then there was Messrs. Williamson, Doyle and Bentley. Mr. Williamson sniffled when eating soup, Mr. Doyle bit his nails, and Mr. Bentley laughed to excess and said "Sure thing" to every remark addressed to him. All these were reprehensible habits but not exactly criminal, and I did not like to suspect anybody unless it was Mr. Baker.

But whoever the thief, mine was the hand that must bring him to justice, and the first thing to do was to pretend that I was somebody else.

I went down town and bought a black wig, a pair of eyeglasses and a ready-made, tight-fitting, black cloth dress, with a stiff collar. I paid a week's rent on a small room at No. 98 and turned it into a temporary dressing-room, whence I emerged at a quarter before three.

Mrs. Rennecker's eyes were blue; they rested on me only fleetingly. They evidently fathomed nothing. Then she began:

"What is your name, please, and where are you stopping?"

"Ada Mosby. My address is 98 Chestnut street."

It was the first lie I had told—and I was amazed at my glibness. Evidently my new role was exactly suited to my abilities.

"It is needless to waste time on preliminary explanations," said Mrs. Rennecker. "I could tell by your letter that you are experienced and capable."

I blushed a little at that and began to feel sorry for Mr. Baker.

"We will—ah—proceed to business at once," said Mrs. Rennecker. "I have, I regret to say, a thief in my house. A woman.

"She has been boarding with me for—ah—six months. She calls herself an artist. Her name is Constance Stewart."

I felt as though I had severed all relation with the established system of gravitation and was whirling through space with the bronze figures of Washington and Napoleon on the mantelpiece attending me as satellites. When I recovered myself she was saying:

"She is the worst kind of a thief. She comes into your house and robs you in such a way that she cannot be denounced. She has robbed me of something of inestimable value. She has stolen my son's heart.

"My son, Jasper, is desperately in love with her, and—he is already as good as engaged to another. Of course it is all her fault. In spite of her refined manner, I believe that she is really both designing and unscrupulous. My son Jasper is an eligible husband for any woman, and

she knows it. It's my opinion she came here for the sole purpose of marrying my son.

"To begin with, she is decidedly good looking, and, as I said, refined in manner. She has soft, light-brown, waving hair, which she wears short, a fine, fair complexion and a distinguished presence. You see, I admit her attractiveness. She has not much money, I believe, and earns her living by decorating china. Oh, to look at her you would fancy her a gentlewoman. She gave me excellent references, too. But there's something wrong with her. I've been gifted with an almost supernatural power of divining human nature, and I am positive that there is something wrong with her. What I want you to do is to become intimately acquainted with her and find out what it is. The end justifies the means. My son is a particularly high-minded young man, and if I could only go to him and say, 'Miss Stewart is unworthy of your love,' and prove it to him, his affection would turn to hate."

"Pardon me, but does she know of your son's love?"

"Know it? Naturally, when that is what she has been working for all the time. But my son has never spoken to her on the subject. He is very reserved. I should have never known of his love for Miss Stewart if I had not found him one day standing over her photograph, looking at it. I could not forbear questioning him. 'Do you love her, Jasper?' I said.

"'Better than all the world,' he answered. 'I have cared for her ever since she came here, and I want to make myself good enough for her.'

"As a general thing, a man thinks he is a little better than anything else in the world. When you hear one of them talk as Jasper did you may know his is a serious case. Indeed, Miss Mosby, I am very proud of my son. He is a great student; he is the soul of honor. We are an excellent family. You see it is an unfortunate attachment of which he can never be cured except by positive proof of her unworthiness. You must be the doctor. The medicine may be bitter, but he must take it."

"But, why do you not let your son's happiness stand paramount to your own wishes and strive to bring about this marriage instead of thwarting it?"

"Because, I don't like her. In spite of her attractiveness my intuition tells me that she is not good enough for him. And besides, I wish him to marry his cousin. Yet I dare not ask Miss Stewart to leave this house, for that would make Jasper desperate and bring things to a crisis. Are you ready to stay here now? I want you to meet her

to-night. Come upstairs. I will show you the room you are to occupy. It is next to hers. I wish you to be close to Miss Stewart."

By 6 o'clock I was installed in the hall bedroom in the capacity of Ada Mosby, the detective. At 6.30 I went down to dinner. Mrs. Rennecker went into the dining room with me and introduced me as "My friend Miss Mosby from Pittsburgh." I was motioned to a seat beside Jasper Rennecker and directly opposite my own chair. I had never given more than a passing notice to my landlady's son until that evening. But the revelation of the afternoon had made him a figure of considerable importance in my estimation. I glanced up at him whenever I could do so with impunity, and my newly aroused detective instinct perceived many fine points about him hitherto unobserved, and when he looked into my face, I thought his dark eyes the most expressive I had ever seen. It was strange I had never noticed all that before.

Dinner was half over before my name was mentioned.

"I wonder where Miss Stewart is to-night," said Mr. Baker, at length.

"I wonder, too," said Mrs. Rennecker. She looked worried, and I could see that the probability that I, as Mr. Hyde, was not going to meet myself as Dr. Jekyll, was weighing on her heavily.

"I wouldn't give myself any uneasiness about it mother," said Jasper. "She is able to take care of herself."

After dinner, not having myself to cultivate, I did the next best thing, and began to get acquainted with Jasper Rennecker. Really he was a wonderfully interesting man when you once came to know him.

The next afternoon I went over to Chestnut Street, doffed my detective attire, and in the original character of Miss Stewart went around to 360 Oak Street.

"Where on earth have you been?" asked Mrs. Rennecker. "I wanted to see you so badly last night. I have a friend here from Pittsburgh—a Miss Mosby. I was telling her about you, and she is very anxious to meet you."

For three days I kept up the strain of this double role, appearing first in one character, then in the other. Then as Mrs. Rennecker had become well-nigh frantic with her endeavors to bring about a meeting between my two selves, I was forced to desist.

"I don't want you to leave this house again for so much as five minutes. The minute you step out, Miss Stewart steps in."

I had been there ten days. Jasper and I sat on the porch one even-

ing when suddenly he said: "If you keep this thing up much longer, you'll drive mother crazy."

"Keep up what thing," I said.

"This detective business. You could fool mother, but not me. She doesn't love you as I do. I was behind the portière at your first interview, and knew you were Constance Stewart the minute I heard you speak."

"You did," I gasped. "And what did you think?"

But what he thought, and what he said, and what I said, I shall keep to myself. That evening Ada Mosby stepped out of the house, and sent the following telegram:

"Have seen Miss Stewart, and learning of her engagement to your son, have thrown up the case. Shall not return. ADA MOSBY."

Out of consideration for Mrs. Rennecker's feelings, neither Jasper nor myself have divulged to her the history of that telegram and the episode that led up to it.

WILLIAM HENRY.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

(By permission of the Author.)

What William Henry would do next was a problem that kept his aunt, Dorinda Hatch, in a state of constant unrest, for, as she expressed it, "What William Henry does next is always so much worse than what he did last that I can't be prepared for it, no matter what it is."

"If he wasn't the only child of my only sister, and she dead and in her grave, and if I hadn't promised her on her death-bed to take William Henry and be a mother to him, I couldn't stand it at all if it wasn't for the fact that I know William Henry doesn't *mean* to make so much trouble."

There was nothing really mean or vicious about William Henry; but he was woefully heedless, and had a surprising capacity for mischief, although only ten years of age and hardly as large as the average boy of eight.

"He can think of more things to do in one day than ten other boys can think of in a month."

One day in May, Aunt Dorinda fell to worrying because William Henry had led a blameless life for three whole days.

"When William Henry doesn't do anything upsetting for three whole days he's either going to come down with a sick spell or he's going to do something extraordinary."

But William Henry was not at that moment engaged in doing anything "upsetting." The day was rainy, and the boy was up in his Aunt Dorinda's attic, examining the varied contents of some old trunks. He was, it is true, creating a great deal of disorder, but a little disorder gave her no concern.

William Henry had probed to the bottom of a small red chest containing nothing but old papers and letters and books, when he picked up a faded, yellow pasteboard card about six or eight inches long by five or six in width. On the card, in large, black letters, was printed: SMALL POX HERE.

On the back of this gruesome relic was written in Aunt Dorinda's angular hand, "This card was tacked to my Father's front door from Jan. 10th, 1845 to Apr. 16th,1845 durin whitch time my father and two of my ants and two brothers and one sister had smallpox. One ant died but all the others got well. I did not have it as I was not Born until the next yeer. There was an eppydemic of smallpox here in 1845 but it was not fatal except in the case of my ant and 2 others."

William Henry took the card to the one cobwebbed window of the attic, brushed the dust from it with his sleeve and slowly spelled out his aunt's bad writing, then he buttoned the card under his jacket.

"I'm going to show that card to Jack Hooper," he thought. "He was bragging the other day that he had had two uncles die of yellow fever, and he acted as if he didn't believe it when I said I'd had an aunt die of the smallpox. I'll show him if I didn't! I wish I could find something up here to prove how one of my great-uncles was blown up in a boiler explosion—he acted as if he didn't believe that, either."

Unable to find such evidence, and the sun having suddenly shone forth, William Henry went down-stairs, where his aunt set him to sweeping the rain and some drifted cherry blossoms from the front porch. He had begun to perform this task when the card slipped from under his jacket to the floor of the porch. William Henry picked it up, punched a little hole in it and hung it on a nail driven into a pillar of the porch, on which his aunt daily hung the card to call the iceman.

When the front porch was swept the side porch needed William Henry's attention. Just as he had finished sweeping it Dan Covel came running up to him and reported that the heavy rains has caused the river to rise like "all fury," so that there was the delightful prospect of an overflow in the lower part of the town. At this exciting news William Henry hurried away to the river with Dan. The forgotten smallpox card was left hanging on the post.

An hour later Aunt Dorinda was seated by an upper front window sewing, when she saw old lady Draper come in at the front gate.

"Dear me!" thought Aunt Dorinda, "I hope she hasn't come to stay all day. She's as deaf as a post and it hoarses me all up to screech to her the way I have to."

But Aunt Dorinda was saved this ordeal, for when she went down to the front door to admit her visitor she was amazed to see the old lady turn on the lower step of the porch and go hurrying toward the gate, screaming in affright:

"Go back, go back, 'Rindy Hatch! Don't you come nigh me! Oh, my land! I'll ketch it, sure as shootin'! Go back"

She waved her hands frantically and glanced back over her shoulder in terror.

Once outside the gate she turned and called shrilly, "Who's got it?"

"Got what?" asked Mrs. Hatch, but when she stepped out on to the porch Mrs. Draper cried out sternly, "Don't you dare come nigh me!" and fled down the muddy road.

"Well, I'll be switched!" exclaimed Mrs. Hatch, as she stepped back into the house. "If that don't beat me! I've heard before that there was insanity in her family."

She went back to her window and had hardly taken up her sewing when she saw a man, unmistakably an agent of some sort, enter the gate.

"I'll make short shift of him," said Aunt Dorinda, irritably, as she went down stairs. "I don't want any book, or furniture polish, or patent nutmeg grater, or soap, or imperishable lamp-wick, or nothing! And I'll tell him so!"

But just as she opened the door the man turned and fled so precipitately that he slipped on the wet boards of the walk and fell headlong. He sprang up with all possible speed and the latch of the gate not working readily, he jumped over the fence and ran down the road without a word.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Hatch. "I wish I could get rid of all agents that easy. I declare if the fellow isn't running still!"

Half an hour later an extremely dirty tramp came shuffling down the road and stopped at the gate. Aunt Dorinda watched him from her seat by the window. He came half way up the walk, and when Mrs. Hatch raised the window, he too, turned and fled without even looking back.

"There must be something skeery about me," said Mrs. Hatch. "I'll see." She went to a mirror in the room and looked at herself.

"I don't see but what I look as I always look," she said. "I know I'm rather homely, but I never knew that I was homely enough to scare a tramp out of his senses."

The Hatch house was in the suburbs of the town. The nearest house was a considerable distance down the road. Old Mrs. Draper had stopped at this house, which was occupied by a family named Jaynes.

Soon after the disappearance of the tramp Mrs. Hatch saw Teddy Jaynes, a boy of thirteen, come up the road. When he reached the gate he began to scream at the top of his voice, "S-a-a-a-y! S-a-a-y there! Mis' Hatch!"

Mrs. Hatch raised the window, whereupon Teddy threw a good-sized stone with such violence that it dented the front door. "There's a note tied to the stone," he called out.

"What do you mean by acting so? Come here and tell me!"

"Not much, I won't!" retorted Teddy. "Ma said for me not to go inside the gate or I might ketch it! She said for me to run like lightning soon as I'd thrown the note, and I'm going to!" and away he sped.

"Another lunatic," said Mrs. Hatch. Smoothing out the crumpled bit of paper, she read:

"DEAR MRS. HATCH—We are very sorry to know of the dreadful affliction that has been visited upon you and would be only too glad to do anything we could do at such a time. We are extremely anxious to know who has it, and if it is Mr. Hatch will you please hang a red cloth out of your upper south window, which we can see plainly from our side porch. If it is William Henry please hang out a white cloth, and if it is your dear old mother hang out both a white and red cloth. You can't tell how sorry we are for you, and we sincerely hope that all will come out well. MARY C. JAYNES."

"Well, I'm beat! I've no more idea than the man in the moon what Mary Jaynes means! I'd like to see myself hanging out red and white rags without knowing what I'm hanging them out for! I know what I'll do! I'll go straight down to the Jaynes's and ask them what they mean, that's what I'll do!"

A few moments later Mrs. Hatch went down the road, holding her calico skirts well up out of the mud. She looked anxious and irritated.

Teddy Jaynes was swinging on the front gate, and when he saw her approach he sped into the house. The next moment half a dozen frightened Jaynes faces appeared at the front window and said, in a tone of entreaty:

"Please don't come any nigher, Mrs. Hatch! If there is anything we can do for you, say so, and we'll do it gladly, but don't expose us all by coming into the house!"

"Nonsense! I'm coming in to find out what you meant by sending me that silly note! I'm going to—"

She started toward the house, when not only the window but all of the shades were pulled down, and all the response she got to her knocking on the door came from Mrs. Jaynes, who seemed to be speaking from some place of safety and seclusion upstairs.

"Go away, Mrs. Hatch!" she said, sternly. "I want to be neigh-

borly and do what's right, but I can't and won't have you come into the house. Please go away!"

This made Mrs. Hatch so indignant that she said, hotly, "Well, I'll go, Mary Jaynes, and I'll stay gone, and I'll thank you never to darken my door again!" And Mrs. Hatch departed, angrier and more puzzled than before.

She entered her own domain by a side gate and door and thus failed to discover the small-pox placard.

She had been at home about one-half an hour when she saw Miss Nancy Dart, a warm-hearted, elderly woman who lived in the village, approaching the house.

"There comes Nancy Dart," said Mrs. Hatch, "I wonder if she'll have a fit and streak off crazy like every one else who's been here today."

But Nancy Dart walked boldly to the door and rang the bell. When Mrs. Hatch hurried down, the somewhat emotional Nancy exclaimed:

"I've heard about it, Mrs. Hatch, and I've come right up to stay with you and see you through it. You know I'm a born nurse, and I've had the disease, and I haven't forgot how good you were to me when I had typhoid fever so long, five years ago. I've brought things enough in my bag to do me a month and I'm going to stay and help you out, and don't you feel so dreadful over it all. Everybody's dreadful sorry for you, and I don't think that the town authorities will insist on any of you being carried to the pest-house, for you live so far out and kind of isolated. I met Jonas Dyke, one of the selectmen, on my way here, and he said he didn't think you'd need to go out to the pest-house if you was properly quarantined here. Now, who's got it!"

"Got what, Nancy Dart?"

"I'd say 'what' with a smallpox card on my front porch, Dorindy Hatch!"

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say! Do you mean to say that you don't know that there is a smallpox card on your front porch post?"

Nancy stepped out on to the porch, and pointed to the card; Mrs. Hatch stared at it, then she said:

"It's some of William Henry's doings. I knew something awful would come of his being so good three whole days."

"And you haven't any smallpox here?"

"No more than you have."

"Well, it's all over town that you've smallpox here."

Mrs. Hatch groaned and said sternly, "I'll settle with William Henry!"

The fact that William Henry had had no intention of causing so much trouble did not save him from his aunt's wrath.

"A boy like you never gets a punishment amiss," she said, "and I've let you go many a time when I ought to have whipped you. So just take off your jacket, William Henry Myers!"

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

[*Practice with great care—boldly.*]

In Genesis the world is made by God's creative hand;
In Exodus the Hebrews march to gain the promised land;
Leviticus contains the Law, holy, and just, and good;
Numbers records the tribes enrolled, all sons of Abraham's blood
Moses, in Deuteronomy, records God's mighty deeds;
Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the hosts of Israel leads
In Judges their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite;
But Ruth records the faith of one well pleasing in His sight.
In First and Second Samuel of Jesse's son we read;
Ten tribes in First and Second Kings revolted from his seed;
The First and Second Chronicles see Judah captive made;
But Ezra leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid.
The city walls of Zion Nehemiah builds again,
While Esther saves her people from the plots of wicked men.
In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod;
And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God.
The Proverbs like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear:
Ecclesiastes teaches men how vain are all things here;
The mystic song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's Rose,
While Christ the Saviour and the King "rapt Isaiah" shows.
The warning Jeremiah, apostate Israel scorns,
His plaintive lamentations their awful downfall mourns;
Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries,
Whilst kings and empires yet to come, Daniel in visions sees.
Of judgment and of mercy Hosea loves to tell;
Joel describes the blessed day when God with man shall dwell.
Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call;
Whilst Obadiah prophecies of Edom's final fall,
Jonah enshrines a wondrous type of Christ our risen Lord.
Micah pronounces Judah lost; lost, but again restored.
Nahum declares on Ninevah just judgment shall be poured.
A view of Chaldea's coming down Habakkuk's visions give;

Next Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent and live.
Haggai wrote to those who saw the temple built again;
And Zachariah prophecies of Christ's triumphant reign.
Malachi was the last who touched the high prophetic chord,
Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.
Matthew and Mark, and Luke and John, the holy Gospels wrote,
Describing how the Saviour died, His life, and all he taught.
Acts prove how God the Apostles owned with signs in every place;
St. Paul in Romans, teaches us how man is saved by grace.
The Apostle in Corinthians instructs, exhorts, reproves;
Galatians shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves.
Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be;
Colossians bids us live to God and for eternity.
In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from heaven;
In Timothy and Titus a Bishop's rule is given.
Philemon marks a Christian's love which only Christians know;
Hebrews reveals the Gospel prefigured by the Law;
James teaches without holiness faith is but vain and dead;
St. Peter points the narrow way in which the saints are led.
John, in his three epistles, on love delights to dwell;
St. Jude gives awful warning of judgment, wrath and hell;
The Revelation prophecies of that tremendous day,
When Christ and Christ alone shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

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